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A Journal of Politics and the Arts—October 25, 1975 50 cents

Striking Facts About the Post

Eliot Marshall

The Wallace Problem—*Ken Bode*
Divided Lebanon—*Trudy Rubin*
Prolix Tom Wolfe—*Mitch Tuchman*
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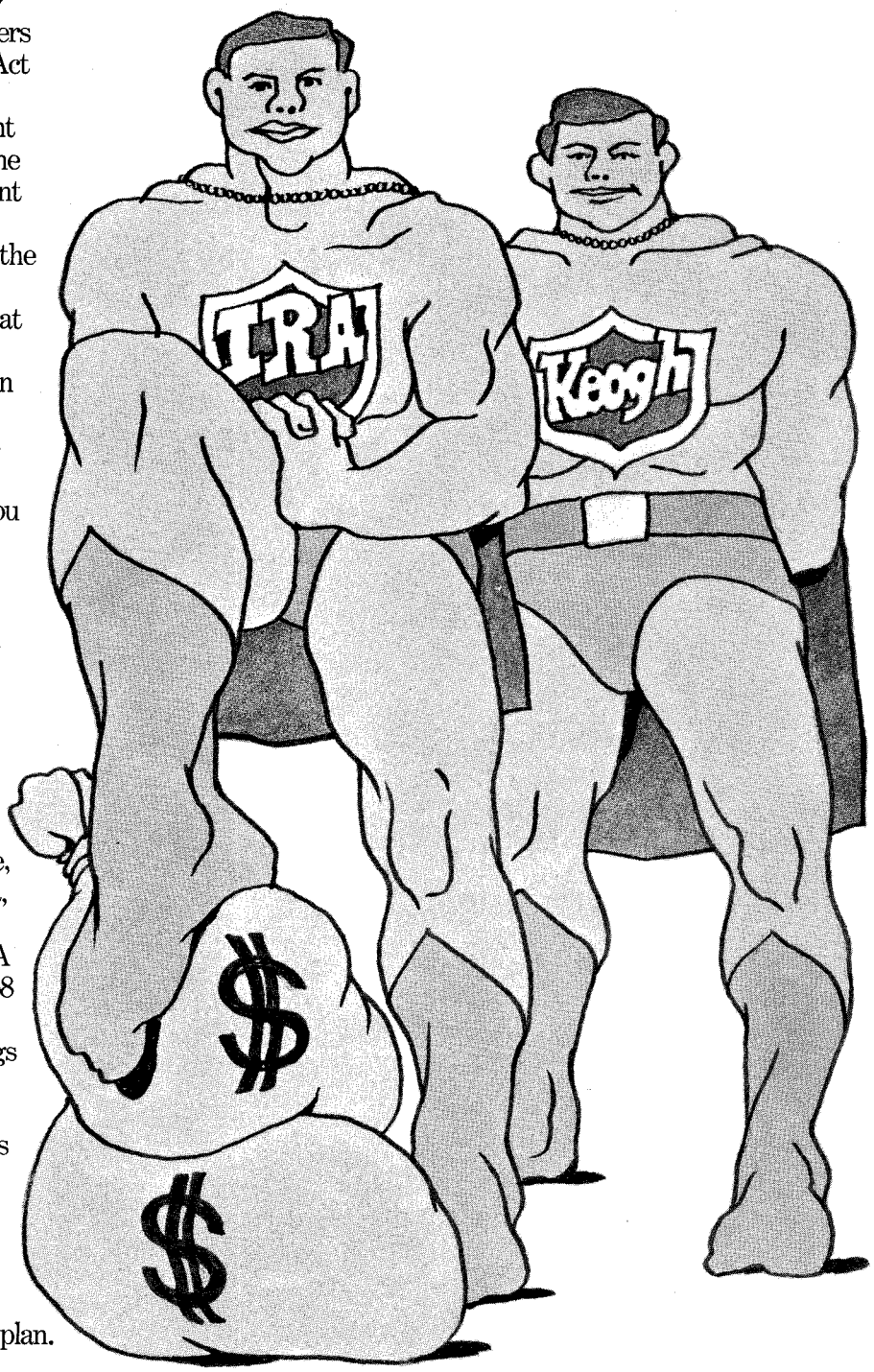

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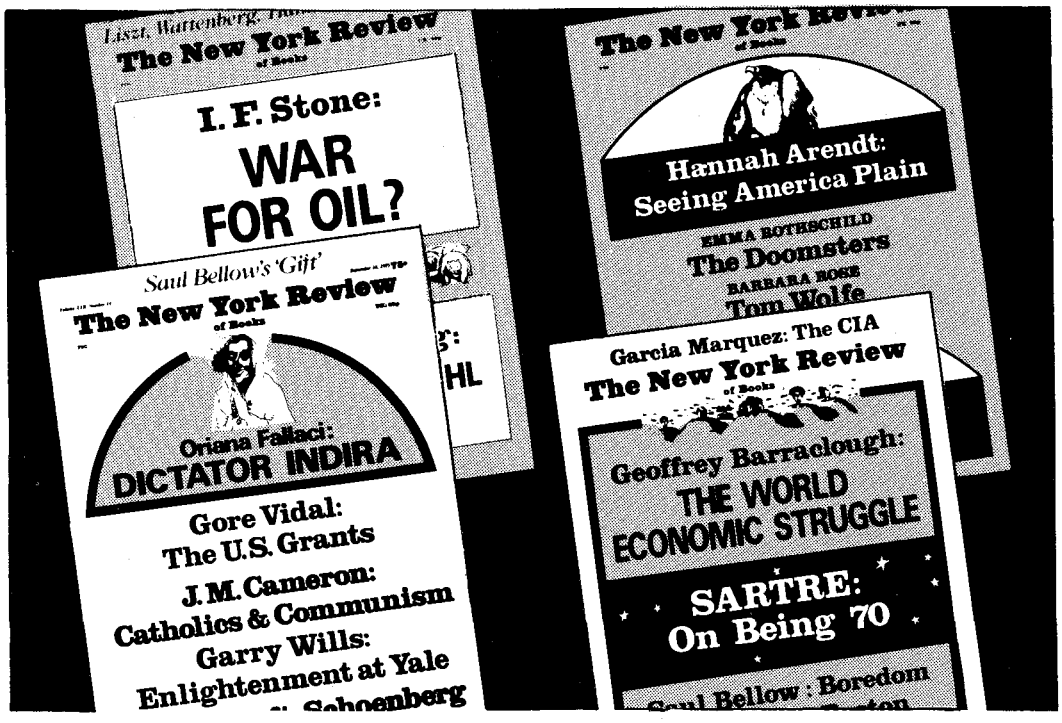

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TRB

from Washington ®
October 25, 1975

Professor Simon

It is past 3:30 but Bill Simon, the Secretary of the Treasury, hasn't arrived. It is Room 4121, Main Treasury, a large chamber, where Secretaries have been meeting people since 1842: wall-to-wall carpeting and wood panels, with 10 mikes set up on the lectern. They didn't have mikes in Andrew Mellon's time, nor George Magoffin Humphrey's, either—that cold January day in 1957 when the strong-willed, ebullient, former board chairman of M.A. Hanna burst out against the Eisenhower budget.

Yes, this same room. Humphrey blew his top; he demanded tax cuts, reduced expenditures, a balanced budget, an end to "the terrific tax take we are taking out of this country." If we don't retrench "over a long period of time," he exclaimed, passing a hand over a nearly bald head, "you will have a depression that will curl your hair!"

There was awed silence as he finished.

I think it was May Craig who said, "Could we have the stenotypist read that back to us? That is a good quote." It was a swell quote. I am thinking of it now, waiting for Simon to arrive, and wondering if all conservative Treasury Secretaries brought suddenly into Washington from business, whether steelmakers or bond salesmen, don't pursue the same dream of cutting back expenditures, slashing taxes, lowering regulations? Humphrey tried it. It was the first conservative national administration in two decades. His approach was simple, a national budget was like a family budget, he thought, it had to be balanced no matter what. Here in this room Joe Livingston asked Humphrey if he wouldn't cut taxes to meet a recession?

"No, I don't think so, Joe," the Secretary told us. "I don't think you can spend yourself rich."

Somebody asked, "Mr. Secretary, would you resign if the administration embarked upon the deficit program you have just described?"

George Magoffin Humphrey paused and replied slowly, "I think I would," he said.

The result? The Eisenhower administration tried to reduce the national debt and failed; to halt inflation, and failed; to cut federal spending, and failed; to check centralization, and failed. All this, and stagnation, too; why . . .

There is a little stir at the door. The lean, athletic Secretary steps briskly in with an attractive smile. He wears a button-down shirt, an expensive suit, and the four corners of his handkerchief are exposed at the breast pocket all to exactly the same height as though measured. He is 47 and looks younger.

They have been keeping him on the go, ever since Mr. Ford came out with that spectacular $28 billion tax package October 6 in which the cut in taxes would be offset by a matching reduction in spending. Mr. Ford is now giving it everything he has, with a Truman-style attack on the "can't-do Congress" for pooh-poohing it and he evidently intends to win conservatives away from Ronald Reagan on the same issue. And Simon? After the original Ford press conference he appeared to explain the fine points; he spent five hours testifying before Congress; he briefed Republican congressmen. And now here he is again, in the traditional Treasury conference room, answering subtly hostile questions. Are they hostile? Well, I think so, for a variety of reasons. Partly it is the adversary relationship between reporters and big shots, and partly, probably, because a lot of us don't really believe in the new program. And partly it's the different personality; the Humphrey-Simon views are remarkably alike; but the give-and-take with George Humphrey was jollier; he was an outspoken industrialist, used to dealing with tough steel men, joshing with them or shouting them down. Clean-cut Simon with his high forehead and evangelical manner is the intellectual; more than that the dedicated idealogue with a touch of conscious rectitude, of self-righteousness. "We are facing a classic choice between freedom and socialism," he told the congressmen last week, and made even the Republicans titter when he said there was no politics in it.

Now he is telling us: big government, big spending, they must be stopped; this is the "most important political choice of my lifetime!" The malignancy of big government, he says, spreads into many fields; New York City has been profligate and he implies that it must be punished. Cotton Mather, too, believed the world was divided between elect and damned and the minority could escape only by public recantation and maybe not then. The TV lights sparkle off his horn-rimmed glasses like approaching headlights; he raises his hands behind the pulpit; the spread of government is "so insidious it's hard to recognize it," he says, but when the American people catch on, look out!

He is brown-haired, good-looking, inspiring; he looks like the professor of moral philosophy at a Calvinist divinity school, the prof the girls swoon over, the one who puts an agreeable whiff of brimstone into warnings. Beneath the aggressive style there is a faintly-discernible note, a hurt-little-boy tone of the kid who can't get the dumb clucks to understand. It is that stupid American public! He complains that "the level of economic literacy is unfortunately lamentably low."

Questions open traps for him all around the conference room, inviting him to fall in. It is orchestrated journalistic teamplay; an unsporting Washington game that pits the speaker against the field—in this case a speaker of passionate belief—and uncertain tact, who told 20 million food stamp recipients that the program is "a well-known haven for chiselers and rip-off artists," and who told New York City that its default wouldn't hurt the economy much anyway.

Is this 18-year-old Simon-Humphrey dogma correct? Federal spending is certainly way up, but it is almost unchanged as a ratio to expanding federal product (19.4 percent in the 1950s; 19.2 percent now). Yes, the huge deficit is dangerous, but most of it is due to recession—job insurance and loss of income. Cure the recession and you cure the deficit too. The national debt? Horrendous in billions! But as a ratio of national production it is below 1950 . . .

Reporters are out in the corridor, now, comparing notes. The Simon bit about presidential vetoes is good, we agree, but not very new; nothing to ask the stenographer, "Read that back to us—that's a good quote!" Nothing to curl your hair.

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Amin on The Loose

Even in a world that sometimes seems to be run by thugs, Uganda's President Idi Amin is the worst of a kind. He brought his tragic-comic gangster act to the United Nations this month and got a tumultuous ovation from the General Assembly after he called, amidst other enormities, for the "extinction" of Israel. Those familiar with his past were not surprised by Amin's rhetoric, knowing as they do the suffering he has inflicted on his own people.

Though vilification of Israel is standard fare at the General Assembly, no head of state before Amin had explicitly called for the destruction of another member state. Therefore more than nuance is at issue here. To the clamor for "expulsion," Amin had added a symbolically decisive word to the vernacular of hate directed against the Jewish nation—"extinction." This is no big departure for him: he had already declared himself an admirer of Hitler, although he had been "pro-Israel" until the Jerusalem government refused his request for Phantom jets and other military assistance a few years ago.

Moreover Amin has in various ways emulated his hero. In 1972, a year after he came to power, he expelled over 40,000 Indians and Pakistanis long resident in Uganda. A report of the International Commission of Jurists estimated that his regime slaughtered tens of thousands of his political and tribal opponents; figures cited run from a low of 25,000 to a high of 250,000. A former Uganda cabinet minister gives the figure of 80,000 to 90,000. Of recent memory is Amin's threatened execution of Denis Hills, the Briton who ventured to describe him as a "village tyrant" in an unpublished manuscript. The drama that accompanied the negotiations for Hills' release was characteristic.

Amin's behavior is primarily the concern of the country under his rule and of the Organization of African Unity, which elected him chairman. For the moment at least, he has his countrymen in thrall to terror. Here and there, an African leader speaks out against the cruel buffoon who has been made tribune for the continent. With only a few exceptions, he is assured of his claque. The most pointed comments on both Amin's record and his recent antics came from our Ambassador to the UN, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. He is now getting the heat from highminded international relations professionals for being undiplomatic to a visiting head of state. With refreshing candor and moral

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clarity, however, he has been trying to restore dignity and honesty—and meaning—to the proceedings of the UN. It may be that in attempting this he pits himself against historical drift. Yet can anyone claim that Amin is other than what Moynihan called him, "a racist murderer"? Those who think Moynihan tactless hanker after a hypocritical politesse, which is just what the thugs of the world want.

The Democrats' Wallace Problem

"Let us be frank. George Wallace is not going to be the Democratic nominee for President of the United States in November." Edmund Muskie said that in the Florida panhandle early in 1972. Shortly thereafter Wallace demolished Muskie and nine other Democratic aspirants in the Florida primary, thereby refuting conventional wisdom about who would win the Democratic nomination and opening up the field, to everyone except Wallace. Though he ran well in about a dozen primaries, the consensus about Wallace had been accurately stated by Muskie: some expected he would run as a third-party candidate as he had in '68 but no one believed Wallace could be nominated.

When Wallace was shot in early May the Wallace dilemma for 1972 ended. His supporters started a perfunctory platform skirmish at Miami Beach and Wallace made a short personal appearance at the convention. In retrospect we know that by the time Arthur Bremer pulled the trigger, Wallace had neither the organization nor the money to go very far inside the party or as a third-party independent.

Much of what was true four years ago is true today. No one—except perhaps the governor's own campaign staff—seriously believes that the Democrats will nominate George Wallace for President or Vice President on the 1976 ticket, no matter how well he does in the primaries. No one's scenario for a brokered convention has Wallace getting a second or third ballot nomination, and, among the major contenders only Sen. Henry Jackson has indicated that Wallace would be acceptable as a running mate. Some of the Democratic hopefuls go beyond that, declaring that they could not support a ticket with Wallace on it, that such an eventuality would split the Democratic party irrevocably.

COMING: Reports by
Tad Szulc from
Spain and Portugal

Nevertheless Wallace is running, with a determination to avoid the errors of his effort four years ago. This time his organization has carefully monitored the internal workings of the Democratic party, including changes in delegate selection practices. "The Wallace Campaign" never went out of business after 1972, and they are way ahead of most of the Democratic aspirants in organization and fundraising.

Wallace also has all his old third-party options open. His managers don't discourage speculation that they will ultimately wind up running an independent candidacy as in 1968, claiming that threat is the only reason the Democratic party treats them fairly. On the question of party loyalty, Wallace inverts the question: "If they won't say they'll support me if I get the nomination, why should I say I'll support them?"

How Wallace chooses to play out his options will influence both parties in the upcoming year. The question is, can he do everything as planned? Can Wallace use the Democratic primaries to sharpen his act, stake out his anti-establishment positions, build up his mailing lists, demonstrate that his illness has not impaired his ability to gather traditionally Democratic, blue collar votes both in and outside the South, and still have things well tuned for a third-party candidacy?

As he makes his bid for the Democratic nomination Wallace may be substantially aided by changes in rules of the political game.

The new post-Watergate campaign finance law gives candidates with matching funds for every contribution of $250 or less, up to a total of five million dollars per candidate. Wallace was the first to qualify for these funds, and his fundraising program, based on massive direct mail appeals and depending on small contributions, is tailor made for the new law — if he chooses to take advantage of it. In this respect Wallace has an interesting option, one unavailable to any other candidate. On the one hand his organization already has nearly half-a-million names of contributors stored in the Northern Virginia computers of conservative direct mail specialist Richard Viguerie. These contributions average about $12 each, and all are eligible to be matched next year from the Presidential Election Campaign Fund. The fact that Wallace has never drawn as many contributions of $1000 or more as other candidates is offset under the new law by the volume of his donations and by the fact that nearly all Wallace's money can be doubled in the matching process.

On the other hand Wallace's fundraising effort is so well established that there is talk of passing up the option of federal matching funds in the primaries, going it alone on millions of small, mailed-in contributions. This suggestion is regarded as press agentry. But it suits the Wallace image, and with confidence in government at an all-time low, it also suits his 1976 campaign slogan—"Trust the People."

The Democrats, in turn, have made some changes that may also help Wallace. First a new rule for this year

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provides that delegates pledged to vote for a candidate at the convention must be bona fide supporters of that candidate, approved and certified by him. In the past a candidate could be stuck with delegates ostensibly pledged to him, who were really closet supporters of someone else, ready to bolt at the first opportunity and to serve the opposition on key platform and credentials fights. Wallace will be the most visible beneficiary of this rule; in 1972 he won the entire Tennessee delegation, but got only two-thirds of their votes on the first ballot. Also this rule will assure that whatever delegates Wallace wins will be a bloc more solidly committed to him, increasing his bargaining power on key convention decisions and, perhaps, adding to the impact of an eventual walkout.

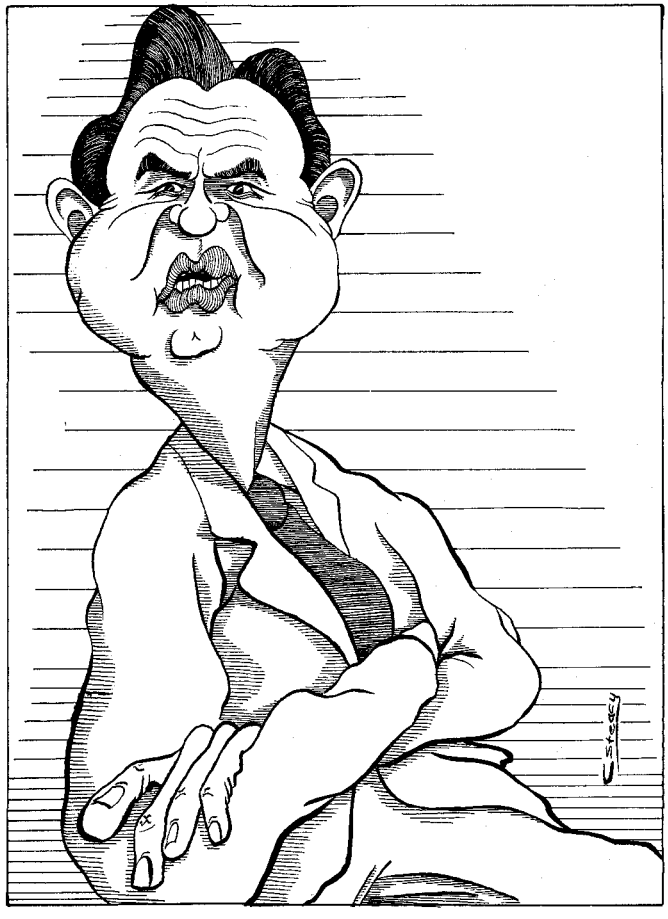
The present trend toward *non-enforcement* of another Democratic rule will also help Wallace. In a move designed to "close" primaries, the 1972 convention decreed that future participation in presidential primaries and caucuses be restricted only to Democrats. This meant that states like Wisconsin, Michigan, Tennessee, Oregon, Texas and several others, where Republicans and independents are permitted in various ways to cross over and vote in Democratic primaries, would have to change their laws or make some other special arrangement to shut out non-Democrats. To date no state has changed, and with time running out, none seems likely to. In Wisconsin, the cradle of the Progressive movement, which spawned open primaries as a means of putting political nominations directly in the hands of the voters, Gov. Pat Lucey has brought suit against the Democratic party to prevent enforcement of the rule.

If the rule remains unenforced, it will certainly add delegates to the Wallace column. Look at 1972. In Michigan, where Wallace captured 51 percent of the primary vote, a Yankelovich poll conducted for *The New York Times* indicated that as many as a third of the voters in the Democratic primary considered themselves Republicans or independents. At least half of those who said they voted for Wallace said also that they were not Democrats. Where cross-overs are allowed, voters tend to go wherever the action is; thus in the 1972 Wisconsin primary, 80 percent of the electorate voted on the Democratic side, and Wallace drew a large share of the Republican cross-overs. In Tennessee and Indiana, where the primaries are not effectively closed, strong GOP areas swelled Wallace's 1972 primary totals. Wallace is not the only one to benefit from open primaries, but he gains disproportionately. Of course if Ronald Reagan mounts a nationwide contest to achieve the GOP nomination, there will be enough action in the Republican party to diminish the cross-over potential.

Another boon to Wallace in his run for the Democratic nomination is the expanded number of primaries and the inflated proportion of delegates—about 75 percent—to be chosen in primaries. Wallace has always preferred direct primaries to traditional precinct caucus-state convention arrangements. Primaries suit his campaign style and require less grassroots organizing. Also, mass media appeals, especially via television, are more effective in direct elections. With his health a question, Wallace can fall back on carefully crafted television spots, both to diminish the physical demands of campaigning and to quell voter doubts about his ability to run.

Primaries are also apparently more congenial for Wallace supporters. In 1972 Wallace got only 48 delegates from non-primary states, and all but six of those came from Texas. This is only partly attributable to the campaign's renowned organizational failures. In that year, pollsters' results consistently underestimated Wallace's strength, mainly because people were unwilling to admit to anyone that they intended to vote for him. It wasn't quite respectable. One pollster spoke of a "closet Wallace vote." This may be another factor in Wallace's preference for primaries. As many found out four years ago, participation in primaries and caucuses is not the same thing. It is one thing for a voter to go into the booth, close the curtain and privately "send them a message." It is another to go to a neighborhood precinct caucus, speak and vote in support of Wallace, or run as a Wallace delegate to the county convention. If the respectability problem still dogs him, Wallace may again find it rough going in the caucuses.

That won't matter much. The new primaries, particularly those in the South, will more than offset



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that problem. Prior to 1972 there were only one or two Southern primaries, and these were more or less ignored. Now there are 11 in the South and the border states (Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and West Virginia), accounting for more than a third of the votes needed for a presidential nomination. It is obviously not possible to predict how well Wallace will do next year by how well he did in '72; but it is worth noting that in 1972, he entered six primaries in the region and won five. Now, however, three active competitors, Lloyd Bentsen, Jimmy Carter and Terry Sanford, are laying in wait, each hoping to get his own campaign rolling by knocking off Wallace. And it may be possible. There won't be much other competition in Texas, Georgia and North Carolina, and Wallace's main vulnerability last time was in two-man, head-to-head contests. Humphrey bested him in West Virginia and Indiana. Under such circumstances, there is not much the Alabama governor can do to expand his own base, so all the anti-Wallace vote gravitates to his opponent, whoever that is.

Finally after a long struggle, the Democrats passed a rule providing that any presidential candidate who gets at least 15 percent support is entitled to a proportional share of the delegates. This assures that Wallace minorities will not be wiped out in caucus states. But there is a loophole in the proportional representation rule as it applies to primary states: a plurality winner in congressional district primaries will be allowed to sweep all the delegates. Thirteen states, including most of the big ones, now fall into this loophole.

Where a candidate's support tends to be concentrated in one part of a state or where it is bolstered locally by the existence of an issue like busing, the loophole can return a high payoff in delegates won. Again it is tailor-made for Wallace, whose support, especially outside the South, tends to vary widely from place to place. In the 1972 Maryland primary, for example, Wallace's support peaked with a high of 63 percent in the conservative, largely rural first congressional district, and dropped to a low of 14 percent in the west Baltimore district that sends black Rep. Parren Mitchell to the House of Representatives. Similar highs and lows in Wallace primary support were evident in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin.

Most of the early primaries will be multi-candidate affairs, splitting up the results, also a circumstance beneficial to Wallace, whose constituency is more solid and less available to plunder by his opponents. Bayh, Shriver and Udall might find themselves competing for the same voters, for example, but with Wallace in, no one competes with him for the Wallace vote.

How well can Wallace do inside the Democratic party? There is a wishful tendency among mainstream Democrats to assure one another that he is really too sick, too weak to sustain an active national campaign, that Wallace need not be taken too seriously because he will fade very quickly. Obviously his health is a key factor. If the rigors of campaigning prove too much, if there are long breaks in the schedule or repeated instances of cancellations, or if the governor is obviously tired, frail or failing, it will ultimately overshadow all other comment on his candidacy and end the Wallace problem for 1976. However Wallace need not campaign as others do. Because of his confinement to a wheel chair, he won't be expected to. And because he is so well known, he probably won't have to. For better or worse, people know who he is and feel they know where he stands. In 1972 Wallace spent only seven days in Wisconsin, less time than any other candidate, and spent only $100,000, most of it on television. McGovern, by contrast, had a campaign organization in place for over a year, paid the state personal visits for an even longer time, and spent nearly half-a-million dollars. When the results were in, McGovern got 29 percent of the vote and Wallace took second place with 22 percent. Similarly Wallace ran second—this time to Humphrey—in the Pennsylvania preference poll after making only one visit to the state.

One pollster who studied the Wallace constituency state-by-state in 1972 and has continued to study his appeal if nationwide polls takes Wallace very seriously, Pat Caddell estimates that Wallace has an "immovable bloc of a quarter to a third of the Democratic electorate."

How popular support translates into delegates depends on a number of things. By missing deadlines, failing to file delegates and ignoring caucuses, Wallace's 1972 campaign staff wrote the book on mismanagement and failed miserably to convert popular support into convention votes. However it is possible to achieve the opposite effect; a candidate with a solid base and an effective organization can carry off more than his fair share of delegates. McGovern did it four years ago, partly by inheriting the peace movement. Now every candidate knows he must understand the rules of the game, but none has an established base in the electorate to match Wallace's.

However well he does inside the Democratic party, Wallace still holds the option of another third-party candidacy. Many Democrats worry that Wallace intends to continue his posture of good faith with the party until the convention, then seize upon some real or imagined rebuff as an excuse for bolting to another independent candidacy.

Can he do that? Legally, yes. In a few places there are laws on the books designed to prevent party splintering, laws that preclude a candidate from running for the same office in the primary of one party and on the general election ballot of another. However these laws were mostly written to apply to state offices, governor, attorney general and the like. The wording is often vague, and the situation is complicated by the fact that in our elections we don't actually choose Presidents—

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primaries elect delegates and in November, the voters pick between competing slates of electors. If applied against Wallace, these laws would probably not survive his certain law suit.

The organizing task is another matter. It is not easy for minor parties to gain access to the general election ballot. Petition requirements—either for new parties or independent candidates—are complicated, and filing deadlines are often very early. Wallace managed to get on all 50 state ballots in 1968 only by organizing for a solid year in advance and challenging some state requirements all the way to the Supreme Court.

To run in the Democratic primaries this time and still hold open his third-party options, Wallace will have to rely on someone else to be sure there is a place for him on presidential ballots as an independent. To accomplish that, Wallace managers could take an active hand in repairing the splintered remains of his 1968 effort, now divided between the American Independent party and the even more reactionary American party. Together, these two groups have presidential ballot position in over 30 states. Alternatively Wallace might turn to a new organization, The Committee on Conservative Alternatives, which is also working to secure ballot position for an independent presidential candidate in 1976. This is basically a Republican spin-off, formed around right wing dissatisfaction with President Ford. Though the group leans toward Ronald Reagan, Wallace associates are involved, and in touch.

To be successful these organizations will have to nominate stand-in candidates in several states in order to hold open a spot on the ballot. Then, when a Wallace or Reagan comes forward, the stand-ins resign and a vacancy committee fills the spot. In a couple of states there are no provisions for stand-ins and withdrawals, so Wallace might be already certified as an independent candidate here and there when the Democrats meet in New York. But for the most part all the necessary manipulations can wait until both major party nominating conventions are over. If there is a spot on the ballot waiting for him in all 50 states after the Democrats adjourn, will George Wallace resist what is surely his last chance to run for President?

The third-party option is made more likely by the fact that Wallace could probably make such a race on an equal financial footing with both major party candidates. One provision of the new federal election law still under constitutional challenge provides that minor parties are ineligible for federal matching funds until *after* the election. Unlike the Democratic and Republican nominees, who will get $20 million apiece to run in the general election, minor party candidates have to raise all their money as they go along. Independents are eligible for reimbursement from the Presidential Campaign Fund only if they get at least five percent of the vote. But the Wallace organization believes that it could raise the full $20 million allowable.

If one can be permitted a stud poker analogy, the governor of Alabama is in a pretty good position right now. He has a look about him that suggests strong cards, both on the table and in the hole, and he's got an excellent seat at the table. George Corley Wallace will be the last one to have to decide whether to ante-up and stay in or fold and get out of the game.

Ken Bode

Ken Bode is the former director of the Center for Political Reform.

The Press Baroness' Business

Striking Facts about the Post

by Eliot Marshall

The 1925 F Street Club is one of those exclusive meeting places in Washington, DC where men of stature can get together for lunch and discuss the things that matter. It's set in a neighborhood called Foggy Bottom, a few blocks from the State Department. On October 2, some important figures in the news business met there to talk about newspapers: present were Clifton Daniel, Washington bureau chief of *The New York Times*, Arthur O. (Punch) Sulzberger, publisher of the *Times*, Joe L. Albritton, publisher of *The Washington Star* and James Bellows, editor of the *Star*. According to one participant, the lunch had been set up by Clifton Daniel many weeks earlier, with no plan to have Sulzberger attend. According to another, the

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lunch had been planned by James Reston, the renowned columnist, owner of the *Martha's Vineyard Gazette*, member of the executive board of the *Times* and friend of Joe Albritton. In any event, Reston didn't show. Regardless of whether the meeting had been planned two weeks or two hours in advance, the topic under discussion was timely—the printing pressmen's strike that hit *The Washington Post* at midnight on September 30, just a couple of days earlier.

Washington has only two daily papers, the *Post* (morning) and the *Star* (evening). In the past there were others, but they were gobbled up by the two survivors. The nation's capital is fortunate, however; a Federal Trade Commission lawyer tells me that it is only one of 55 cities and towns in the United States that have any real press competition. More about that later. The conversation at the F Street Club that Thursday afternoon centered on the question of how the newspaper owners could break the strike at the *Post* and possibly break the pressmen's union. The situation was volatile because the pressmen on the midnight shift, before leaving the building to go on strike, had ripped apart the *Post*'s presses. A foreman who tried to stop the violence was severely beaten. The claims and charges arising from this incident are complex. They involve the *Post*'s attempt to automate its presses, charges that the *Post* has launched an obsessive "union-busting" campaign and complaints that the union will not accept reasonable limits on wages. This report leaves aside the labor dispute and deals with a less noticed question, the growing power of big publishers.

The pressmen's rampage at the *Post* closed down the plant. Parts of the presses were so badly damaged that it took two weeks to get them running again, and at this writing the paper is still being published in truncated form. The day after the strike began, there was no *Post*. Two days later, by sending copy to small suburban papers for printing, the *Post* managed to put out a thin 24-page issue. In the meantime, the *Star* published at full speed, increasing its press run to put more copies on the street and pick up additional ads that normally appear in the *Post*. The *Star*'s good luck offended the sensibilities of other newspaper owners, and that is what the lunch at the F Street Club was all about.

To understand the significance of the meeting, one must first know something about the relationship between the *Times*, the *Post* and the *Star*. The *Star* is an old paper, its stock divided until very recently among the employees and relatives of the Noyes, Adams and Kauffmann families in Washington. (One of those old employees is Charles Seib, former managing editor of the *Star*, now the *Post*'s press ombudsman, who is listed in records at the Federal Communications Commission as being a minor stockholder in the *Star* corporation.) In the 1950s it was the city's leading journal. Then in the Kennedy adminisration its business declined. By 1973, though it had swallowed a small Scripps-Howard tabloid, *The Washington Daily News*, it was clearly in financial trouble. Its competitor, the *Post*, grew fatter and sleeker every year, and under the aggressive editorship of Benjamin Bradlee, it became one of the best papers in the country. The *Post*'s exposure of the Watergate story in 1972-74 boosted its reputation further; today many people consider it second only to *The New York Times*, and often more interesting.

In 1974 the *Star* recognized that it would have to make drastic changes to survive. After lengthy negotiations, the stockholders agreed to let a self-made millionaire from Texas, Joe Albritton, buy stock in the *Star* holding company (about 10 percent) and give him effective control of the paper's management. Albritton's decisions were still constrained by the fact that a group of other stockholders could unite to stop him if they agreed on a common position. (Here the *Post* has had the advantage of being an autocracy: press baroness Katharine Graham holds the majority of voting stock and thus has absolute control over management.) Albritton, who is determined to fight for the *Star*'s survival, quickly reshuffled the editorial and business staffs of the paper, firing people who'd been around for years. Albritton himself loaned the paper five million dollars to keep it afloat during the refurbishing. He bought a television and radio station in Washington tied to the *Star* company (WMAL) because he believed that without a profitable broadcasting business the paper would not be able to compete with the *Post*, which also owns television and radio stations (WTOP). Albritton soon expects to have as complete control over the *Star* as Kay Graham has over the *Post*.

Despite the improvements, however, the *Star* has not yet become a commercial success. In fact, until the pressmen struck the *Post*, the *Star* seemed headed toward bankruptcy. By temporarily shutting down the competition, the union gave the *Star* a chance to make up lost ground. Albritton didn't want to miss it. Kay Graham, on the other hand, didn't intend to let him use it. Shortly after Graham learned that the *Post* would not be able to print its own edition on October 1, she called Albritton and insisted that he share his presses with her and help print the *Post* while the machinery was being repaired. Even if it meant inciting the *Star* pressmen to strike, and closing down the city's second paper, that would be better than competing in a time of crisis. Albritton refused. An unconfirmed rumor circulating at the *Star* has it that Graham told Albritton that he would regret his decision. Conservative columnist William F. Buckley, Jr. reported last week that "Mrs. Graham waxes very wroth" on the subject of Albritton. "Indeed," Buckley wrote, "a broadcaster on her television station told a visitor that she was determined to run Albritton out of Washington."

On October 2, Punch Sulzberger met Albritton at the F Street Club and reiterated the proposal that Mrs. Graham had made earlier. Clifton Daniel who said he

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arranged the meeting, took offense at being asked to describe what had happened at this "private luncheon." He didn't want to interpret what Sulzberger said, though he himself had been present. "You'll have to ask Mr. Sulzberger what he said . . . It's not up to me to say exactly what was said because I couldn't tell you if my life depended on it because I wasn't taking notes." Daniel explained that it had been "like a thousand other lunches that were taking place in Washington that day . . . All kinds of possibilities were discussed." The publisher of the *Star*, Joe Albritton, wouldn't discuss the matter either. His secretary said he wasn't talking to reporters and, "I know he's not going to talk about that lunch." Bellows, the editor of the *Star*, said he couldn't speak to reporters. Punch Sulzberger, publisher of the *Times*, was more forthright. Sulzberger said he had flown from Florida to Washington on the day of the lunch to attend the President's dinner in honor of Emperor Hirohito. (In Florida he'd been to a meeting of newspaper advertising bureaus.) While in Washington, he decided to drop in on a lunch that had been arranged weeks before by Clifton Daniel. "I didn't go to persuade Albritton of anything," Sulzberger said. "This was just a luncheon that had been agreed upon a long time before anybody knew anything was going to happen in Mrs. Graham's pressroom." Sulzberger said he merely wanted to let Albritton know what had happened in New York when the papers had been "whiplashed back and forth between the unions" until they realized they had to stick together. Sulzberger said that Graham had never asked him to intercede on her behalf. But Sulzberger was "firmly convinced" that if Albritton had agreed to share his presses with the *Post*, he would have been struck and forced to close down. "That would be the whole name of the game," Sulzberger explained, "to blacken out the whole city and double the leverage on the union. Everybody would know that. I had to assume that he would be struck." Albritton decided not to follow the fatherly advice offered by the *Times*. He continued to publish.

The day after the Albritton-Sulzberger lunch, a column written by James Reston appeared in the *Times*. Reston expressed the opinion that the violence of the *Post*'s pressmen had been more "vicious" than the behavior of revolutionaries in Portugal. "This is not a local or a trade union but a national issue . . . for if sabotage can be used as an instrument of collective bargaining . . . then the concept of collective bargaining and even the First Amendment principle of a free press are in serious trouble." He pounced on Albritton: "The main burden has fallen on Joe Albritton . . . Should he come out against the sabotage by the *Post*'s pressmen and offer to print the *Post*, making a common front against this anarchy, or concentrate on his own immediate interests?" Reston recognized that "making a common front" might drive the *Star* into bankruptcy, but he called on Albritton to jump. The last part of the column was written in the past tense: "The tragedy of this unfortunate incident is that the *Post* and the *Star* were not able to make a common cause . . . Washington needs two newspapers, and probably cannot have them unless they work together, while competing against one another, with a common printing company. . . . The *Star* needed the *Post* and the *Post* felt that the *Star* played the role of the fearful bystander." The meaning is plain to anyone who can read between the lines: the *Star* refused to share or stop its presses, therefore it will not get help from the *Post* when the next crisis arises, and will likely die as a result.

The day after Scotty Reston's column appeared in the *Times*, a rebuttal by Jimmy Breslin appeared in the *Star*, sneaked into the paper somehow without Albritton's knowledge or approval. Breslin revealed for the first time that there had been a meeting between Sulzberger and Albritton, and he said that the established press was trying to force Albritton to shut down the *Star*. It was, Breslin wrote, "absolutely marvelous . . . threats right here in print. Magnificent." He decided that "These nice guys with drawing room manners either go to too many Mafia movies or they've had it in them to be tough guys all along." Over the phone he said later, "I guess you've gotta come into the parlor to see a mugging like that."

When Graham was asked at a staff meeting of the *Post* several days later whether she wished to comment on the two articles, she said she didn't care to. I placed calls to both Graham and to the editor of the *Post*, Ben Bradlee, but was told that the *Post*'s vice president for communications, John Dower, was taking all questions. Dower said that Graham wasn't giving interviews because she didn't want to get involved in the labor squabble, and besides, if she did, "the phone would be ringing all the time." Sometimes even publishers regard no news as good news. Dower confirmed that Graham asked Albritton to share his presses with the *Post*. But he said she had *not* asked Sulzberger to intercede. Graham's reported comment on the Breslin article was "utter nonsense."

If Joe Albritton had agreed to share his presses with the *Post* as Reston, Graham and Sulzberger urged him to do, he would have been a fool. First, to do so might have been a criminal act under federal antitrust law. The Failing Newspaper Act of 1970 makes it illegal for two competing papers to share a printing press without "the prior written consent of the Attorney General of the United States." The law says, "prior to granting such approval the Attorney General shall determine that . . . approval of such arrangement would effectuate the policy and purpose of this chapter" (Title 15 USC 1803 b). Complying with the law takes time, of course. The *Post* didn't ask the attorney general for approval of a joint publishing agreement. Indeed Graham had not volunteered to "share" presses with the financially troubled *Star* until her own had been broken and it was *she* who needed help. The law

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provides no exceptions for labor crises.

Secondly, it would have been physically impossible to put out both the weekend *Post* and *Star* on the same presses. And finally, everyone seems agreed that if the *Star* had shared its presses, legally or otherwise, it would have invited an immediate strike and shutdown by its own pressmen. So much for the people's right to know and Graham's of-repeated "obligation" to publish." People at the *Star* say this almost surely would have bankrupt the company and finished off the *Star* for good. Washington would have become a one-paper town. In Breslin's words, that's "a Washington gentleman's version of freedom of the press." In view of this, the *Post*'s request to Albritton was perhaps a more serious matter than people understand. Was Graham merely trying to forge a common front against a union, or was she also trying to cultivate a budding monopoly?

Although Joe Albritton was presented with no overt threat, he knew his company was vulnerable. The *Star* is said to be losing a million dollars a month. It can't raise advertising rates without driving ad accounts to the *Post* or to local broadcast stations. Yet, as the preferred vehicle for local press advertising, the *Post* can hurt the *Star* either by raising its own ad rates dramatically, thus soaking up most of the available ad money, or by cutting rates to a level the *Star* can't match. *Star* officials are waiting to see what will happen next.

One must also remember that the *Star* buys much of its newsprint through a terminal owned by the *Post*. According to the *Star*'s business manager, about 40 percent of its newsprint is shipped via the Robinson terminal in Alexandria, Virginia, which is *Post*-owned. In general the *Star*'s paper sources are not as reliable as the *Post*'s. During the newsprint famine more than a year ago, the *Star* ran short of paper, while the *Post* did not. The *Star*'s business manager also said the company buys 20 to 25 percent of its newsprint from the Bowater corporation. The *Post* has a partnership with Bowater in Canada, and two-thirds of the *Post*'s newsprint comes from a Bowater mill in which it has a large financial interest. Bowater is a popular brand of newsprint in Washington, and not just at the *Post* and *Star*. Both the *Congressional Record* and the *Federal Register* are printed by the government on Bowater paper made at the *Post*'s mill and shipped through the *Post*'s terminal. Three of the small papers that printed the *Post* while its presses were being repaired also use Bowater paper. The *Star* buys another 20 to 25 percent of its newsprint from a Canadian mill called the Spruce Falls Paper and Power Company. About two years ago the *Star* was forced to sell its interest in that mill because it needed cash in a hurry. Now the mill is run as a partnership between Kimberly Clark and *The New York Times*.

These facts suggest that it took some courage for the *Star* to decline the invitation to fall on its sword. Had Joe Albritton been a more loyal member of the publishers' club or less determined to put out a newspaper, he might have been seduced by the sweet song of Reston, Graham and Sulzberger, his fellow newspaper owners. He had the good sense to say no.

Christians, Moslems and Fanatics

Divided Lebanon

by Trudy Rubin

Beirut

Beirut during its "troubles" is a ghost town—like a scene from Nevil Shute's *On The Beach* in which a lonely survivor stalks the empty streets of San Francisco after the nuclear disaster. People creep out nervously in the early morning and line up for bread or the few remaining supplies in the handful of small grocery shops that dare to open. They walk close to buildings, their eyes darting upward in search of rooftop snipers, stepping over piles of stinking uncollected garbage and ripped-up paving stones.

At night the barricades go up and machine and mortar fire echo through the Christian and Moslem suburbs of the city. The teenage snipers appear, and the kidnappings begin—scores of hapless motorists are pulled out of cars at roadblocks. Only the foreign quarter of Ras Beirut is safe, and even there the tanks rumble through because of bomb warnings. During the last round my grocery store blew up as I stared at it from my balcony.

This has been the mood in the once hyperactive Lebanese capital during the days of anarchy and near

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civil war since mid-September. At this writing several ceasefires have been arranged, and broken and sporadic fighting continues. Lebanese Premier Rashid Karami is desperately seeking outside Arab advice and aid in ending the chaos; he has visited Syria this past week, and the foreign ministers of the Arab League countries are scheduled to meet soon to discuss Lebanon's problems.

When I arrived in Beirut last March, I was told that a ground rule of Lebanese politics was that a national crisis could be "pushed to the brink but never over it." Now many Lebanese tell me they fear the country may be sliding toward partition. I frequently see ordinary people break into tears from the tension of the past eight months of spasmodic violence. The Lebanese economy is in a shambles. Estimates of the death toll since February vary from 2500 to 5000, several hundred in the past few weeks; it is impossible to be certain since many bodies were quietly buried by their own militias or went undiscovered in the rubble.

Basically the conflict is over the division of power between Christians and Moslems. The current system is based on a 1943 covenant, which legally apportions executive and legislative strength between Christians and Moslems on a basis of six Christians to five Moslems. The Lebanese President is always a Maronite Catholic (the largest Christian sect); the premier a Sunni Moslem; the speaker of Parliament a Shiite Moslem; the commander-in-chief of the armed forces a Maronite, etc. The covenant is based on the 1932 census when the Christians had a majority. The Lebanese have been afraid to take another count ever since, even though everyone knows that there is now a Moslem majority—excluding Palestinians—which may exceed 60 percent.

The Christians, primarily Maronite, but including a variety of denominations like Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholic, Armenian Orthodox, Armenian Catholic and Protestant, are Western-educated and oriented, many speaking French rather than Arabic, and living mainly in Beirut and the Mt. Lebanon range behind the capital. In addition to their political edge, they control a vastly disproportionate share of the country's wealth. There are, of course, rich Moslems and poor Christians, but in general the north and south of Lebanon, Sunni and Shiite Moslem areas respectively, as well as many Moslem sections of Beirut, remain underdeveloped and with few services. It is not surprising that the Christians, whose most powerful spokesman is Pierre Gemayel, French-educated Maronite head of the right wing nationalist Phalangist party, want to retain the 1943 Covenant. "In the Irish, Cyprus and even the Palestine problems, no formula better than the Lebanese formula has been offered," insists Gemayel. The Moslems, whose spokesmen include Premier Rashid Karami, from the most powerful (Sunni) Moslem sect, and leftist leader Kamal Jumblatt, a Druze member of Parliament and former Cabinet member, want to revise the formula; Karami has already announced he intends to run for President in the summer of 1976, a challenge to tradition (the presidency being a Christian post) that sends chills through the Christian community.

But while the "formula" is the root problem, the causes of the violence of the last eight months are so complex that many informed Lebanese confess they are no longer sure who is fighting whom in the country. Archbishop Gregoire Haddad, a Melchite (Greek Catholic) priest known for his open mind, wrote recently, "The battle is between the Palestinians and the Lebanese; No, it is between the Palestinians and Christians; No, it is between the Christians and Moslems; No, it is between leftists and rightists; No, it is between Israel and the Palestinians on Lebanese soil; No, it is between international imperialism and Zionism on the one hand, and Lebanon and neighboring states on the other . . ."

"So, which of these analyses is correct?" The victims, the Archbishop wrote, are the innocents.

One reason it is hard to determine the protagonists is the plethora of private militias involved in the fighting. Lebanon's sectarian balancing act creates a weak central government and its army is automatically paralyzed in the current crisis because the Moslems will not accept the use of a Christian-led force to put down the fighting. Although the current wave of violence was sparked by Phalangist militia killing Palestinians, the battle has been taken up by private Christian and Moslem fighting forces.

The militia of the Phalangist party is said to be the most powerful, comprising at least 5000 armed men, trained in the mountains with reported assistance from Jordan and Iran. But according to the leading Lebanese newspaper, An Nahar, there are at least 15 'official' militias (as opposed to secret underground factions), containing 150,000 fighters and 300,000 arms large and small. Not to mention groups of apolitical armed urban bandits, formerly hired by militias to do dirty work like bombing, but now often too well armed to be controlled by anyone.

And arms are only too easy to find in Lebanon. One friend told me how he visited the backroom of a local grocery shop, at his wife's insistance, to acquire a pistol for protection on the street. "A pistol?" the grocer inquired incredulously, and proceeded to pull out a brace of machine guns. The militias of the right get much financial help from the thousands of Christian Lebanese emigrants abroad, and leftists get arms and aid from the Palestinian resistance, via its Syrian supply line. There are many unproven rumors of Israeli arms aid to the Phalangists; Beirut sources say Libya has contributed heavily to the leftist side which is also said to receive funds from the Soviet Union via the Lebanese Communist party. No doubt money from many sources finds its way to different Lebanese

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factions, but there is no difficulty obtaining all the basic arms any militia could need on the international surplus arms market which does a brisk trade with the Lebanese.

Another source of confusion and tension is the evidence that the struggle has taken on a life of its own, impervious to efforts by the major contenders to cool it down. No one is quite sure why a traffic incident in Tripoli sparked the latest round of fighting, which spread to Beirut, nor, why the sniping and barricades in Beirut continued even when all major factions agreed to end them. Moreover Lebanese sources say there had been a gentlemen's agreement by all sides not to bomb stores this time, yet not only were shops bombed, but the whole downtown area was torched, something unprecedented in Lebanon's history of sectarian strife.

Some blame these mysterious happenings on agents of outside powers. Lebanon, after all, with its open political life and press, has always been a testing ground for the conflicting political currents of the Middle East, and now they can play out their battles yet another way by backing their favorite Lebanese faction. One Lebanese political cartoon depicted a hooknosed "Israel" rolling in glee on the other side of the border as Lebanon burned. But in a sign of the times, the strongest Beirut rumor since mid-September regarding outside intervention is that Egyptian agents triggered this round to keep the attention of the Arab world and the influential Beirut press away from President Anwar Sadat's unpopular disengagement with Israel.

There is some truth in each of Archbishop Haddad's analyses. The seeds were sown for the Christian-Moslem battle from the beginning of Lebanon's existence. Lebanon was carved out of greater Syria by France under a League of Nations mandate in such a way as to give the Francophile Maronites and fellow Christians their own state while including enough Moslems to ensure a continued Maronite need for French support.

A basic understanding of the 1943 Covenant was that the Christians would not try to push independent Lebanon into alliances with the West or the Moslems to pull Lebanon into an Arab union. Lebanon remained both in and outside the Arab world. (The Maronites continued to identify with the West, no doubt recalling the Druze slaughter of 12,000 of their number in 1860. Many Maronites insisted they were Phoenicians, not Arabs. Their fear of being swallowed in a Moslem world extends so far that, I was told by a participant, there were celebrations on Christian Mt. Lebanon when the Israelis won in the Six Day War.)

Lebanon's halfway position was good for commerce, however. With its weak non-interfering central government and laissez-faire philosophy, Lebanon saw its economy flourish along with tourism and international finance. Beirut became a pseudo-Western slightly garish conglomeration of high-rise apartments, elegant restaurants and boutiques, well appointed offices and private beach clubs.

But around the edges the rot set in. A "belt of poverty" ringed the east and south of the city—squalid shanty towns and overcrowded apartment complexes, filled with Shiite Moslem workers from the south, along with Kurdish and Syrian laborers, and abutting the Palestinian refugee camps. The rusted tin shacks of the port quarter of Maslakh, one of the poorest Moslem areas and scene of bitter fighting over the last few months, holds more than 30,000 people. It has no sewage, water or electricity, and only two tiny government elementary schools. Until this year the government—or the owners of the land underneath the shacks—could tear down sections of the place with impunity. Now leftist Moslem groups and some Palestinians have moved in and distributed arms and no outsider goes into the area without their permission.

Even for the Lebanese middle class, services are minimal—garbage rots on street corners even in peacetime and mail delivery makes Italy during a strike look efficient. The most rudimentary social security legislation has only recently been introduced. Many Moslems from villages in the south complain that Palestinians in refugee camps get better education and health care from United Nations relief agencies than they do from their government.

When Socialist leader Kamal Jumblatt, as outgoing minister of justice in 1970, permitted heretofore underground leftist political groups to become legitimate, there was fertile territory awaiting them. In general the leftists are Moslem, the rightists Christian. However the Phalangists admit the need for economic and social reform; and most Moslems, including many fighting against Christians, are more likely to identify themselves with a political or religious leader or geographical area rather than an ideology. Jumblatt now heads the Progressive Front, an amalgam of leftist groups that has shown great influence among the street masses and an adeptness at shutting down Beirut with general strikes. The leftists have provided new support for the Palestinian guerrillas and in turn have been helped by them. (It is a paradox typical of Lebanon that Jumblatt is simultaneously a Socialist and a traditional political leader of the secretive, conservative Druze religious sect from whom he gains his parliamentary strength.)

Despite these difficulties, the uneasy social and economic inbalances of the Covenant might have been maintained some years longer if Lebanon could have stayed aloof from the Middle East conflict. But the Middle East caught up with Lebanon.

The catalyst was the emergence of the Palestinian commandoes as a force in Lebanon, threatening, in the eyes of the Christians, to tip the delicate Christian-Moslem balance and to push the country into war with Israel. There are 350,000 Palestinians in Lebanon, of

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whom about 90,000 live in 15 refugee camps. Most are Moslems; the bulk have never been granted citizenship so as not to upset the ratio. Although a sizable number have become middle class and successful, thousands live in poor urban Moslem neighborhoods, often near the camps, and work in manual or service jobs.

The commando presence emerged in a big way in 1969, after clashes between the commandoes and the Lebanese army that led to national strife, with the Christians backing the army and the Moslems the Palestinians. As a result, the "Cairo Agreement" was signed between the guerrillas and the Lebanese government. It allowed the guerrillas to have bases on the slopes of Mt. Hermon and to have full control over all the refugee camps. After Jordan suppressed the commandoes in 1970-71, South Lebanon became their chief base.

Palestinian operations in the spring of 1974 inside the Israeli border led to Israeli bombing raids in May and June of that year against Southern Lebanon. This created thousands of Lebanese refugees. Palestinians, Moslems and leftists demanded a stronger Lebanese army and military assistance from the Arab League. The Christians were aghast. The Phalangists demanded that the government control the Palestinian commandoes, who, they charged, were "a state within a state." Pierre Gemayel's party feared nothing more than being drawn into the conflict with Israel; his slogan was "in weakness is Lebanon's strength."

These tensions, religious and economic, social and political, between Christian and Palestinian, Christian and Moslem, left and right, set the stage for the incidents of last spring and summer. The first clash occurred in February 1975 when the Christian-led army was sent in to put down a protest of Moslem and Palestinian fishermen in Sidon against the introduction of a big new Christian-owned fishing company along their coast. This was the prelude.

The spark was the April 13 killing by a group of Phalangists of 27 commandoes passing through a Beirut Christian district in a bus. In the subsequent clashes in Beirut, in May, June, July and September, the Palestinians moved into the background, and Christian and Moslem militias into the foreground. Yassir Arafat, head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, made a public statement that the Palestinians had no wish to interfere in Lebanon's internal affairs. He kept a tight leash on his commandoes during the fighting and was even criticized by leftist Moslems for this. But the presence of the Palestinians remained crucial; it was their armed force that gave the Moslems credibility and prevented an all-out Christian onslaught, and their arms that helped Moslems in any emergency. Ironically the Palestinians were playing a mediating role during the last round of fighting, called on by the Lebanese government to police the ceasefires in Tripoli and Beirut, their assistance sought out even by Christian leaders.

It is hard to predict where the conflict will go from here. While a broadly based 20-man committee was being set up by the Lebanese government to seek a "dialogue," newly created Phalangist and Moslem radio stations were blaring out opposing messages. "The Phalangist Voice of Lebanon" declared that there should be one country in the Arab world—Lebanon—where the Christians felt they were a majority. "The Voice of Arab Lebanon" demanded a revision of the 1943 covenant. Lebanese observers say that Southern Lebanon is now virtually under Moslem-Palestinian control, with a "popular committee" in charge in Sidon.

Some Maronites recall nostalgically the arrival of the US Marines in 1958 to bail out a pro-Western Lebanese government under attack by leftist and Arab nationalist elements. Rumors of imminent US or Western intervention in Lebanon float about Beirut. The prospect seems inconceivable today, although Beirut observers agree that the United States government certainly has an interest in preserving the current system in Lebanon, rather than see it fall under the influence of leftist Moslem forces.

However should Lebanon collapse into full scale civil war it is unlikely that its immediate neighbors—Syria and Israel—would stand idly by. When the Lebanese army battled with Palestinian commandoes in 1969 and 1973, Syria intervened, the first time sending Syrian-trained Palestinian commandoes across, the second closing its border with Lebanon for three months, seriously disrupting Lebanese trade. The Palestine Liberation Army, actually a wing of the Syrian army, is stationed near the Lebanese border. In fact, some reports claim that a limited number of troops crossed over during the recent fighting, allegedly at the request of the Lebanese government to help keep the peace.

Syria's main interest for the foreseeable future is in keeping Lebanon stable. It has other problems on its eastern front where it is quarrelling with Iraq over distribution of the waters of the Euphrates River. And it believes that the likelihood of a preemptive Israeli attack through South Lebanon would increase if that country were in disarray. For these reasons Syria has three times dispatched Foreign Minister Abdul Halim Khaddam to help patch up Lebanon's disputes, and he is given major credit for arranging the last ceasefire.

As for Israel, it has already publicly warned Syria against considering military intervention into Lebanon; some Israelis fear that Syria has designs on South Lebanon as part of a long range goal of renewing "greater Syria." Beirut observers believe that if Syria sent troops into Lebanon to restore order, Israel would probably strike South Lebanon.

But if the Lebanese manage to patch up their differences temporarily and go back "to the brink," or even to begin to discuss changing the covenant through political means, it may be because what awaits them beyond that point is so frightening.

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Mending our Fences In Latin America

by Tad Szulc

Relations between the United States and Latin America, ironically, are better and healthier now than at any time since the launching of the Alliance for Progress nearly 15 years ago. Above all the present relationship is more realistic: less is expected by the Latin Americans and less is promised by the US. The extravagant rhetoric of the past—and the accompanying confrontations—have largely vanished on both sides, at least for now. The Panama Canal is the only major irritant in US-Latin American relations.

The irony lies in the fact that the positive developments in US-Latin relations came at a time when the foreign policy of the US was under assault elsewhere in the world. Furthermore this improvement occurred even though Secretary of State Kissinger's "New Dialogue" policy, proposed early in 1974 to hammer together a hemisphere "community," never got off the ground. The lesson here may be that it is more profitable to be flexible than to try to impose over-formalized structures.

Latin America itself has been changing and maturing. Its leaders are more pragmatic, sophisticated and self-assured; they no longer believe that the US can or should solve their basic problems. The lengthening period of worldwide recession and inflation along with the energy crisis have subtly brought the realization that there are limits to America's capacity to provide the kind of economic aid that was possible and desirable a decade ago. Latin America also is aware of the present ungenerous mood of Congress in matters of foreign aid and trade concessions. US economic assistance to Latin America reached a peak of $1.13 *billion* in fiscal year 1966; it declined to only $629 *million* in 1974; a level maintained in 1975.

The United States remains an overwhelming geopolitical reality in the Western hemisphere—it still is the "Colossus of the North" with the power to influence major events in the hemisphere—but in Latin America there has been a gradual turning away from Washington. Western Europe and Japan are important investment and trade partners (Brazil raised a ruckus in Washington earlier this year when it decided to buy nuclear power plants from West Germany), and the Soviet Union, the Socialist countries of Eastern Europe and even China are doing business in Latin America (the Peruvian military regime, for one thing, has been buying Soviet tanks).

Within the region, oil-rich Venezuela is running something of an aid program of its own, picking up some of the slack left by the US. The Venezuelans have helped to stabilize coffee prices in Central America and shore up the economies in the Andean Group countries (Colombia, Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia). Brazil, the "Colossus of the South," also has a modest aid program, chiefly in Bolivia and Paraguay.

Politically quite a few of the Latin Americans have joined the non-aligned group with Peru at the head of this movement in the hemisphere (it was in Lima late this summer that North Vietnam, North Korea and the Palestine Liberation Organization gained membership in the group). Even as rightist a regime as Brazil sends observers to the conclaves of the non-aligned bloc. Mexico, especially through the efforts of President Luis Echeverria, has been very active in the non-aligned group. Latin America tends to regard itself as part of the "Third World" and non-aligned while retaining organic links with the US through the continuing adherence to the 1947 Rio de Janeiro Mutual Military Assistance Pact, the forerunner of NATO. In a strict sense it is a contradiction for members of the Rio Pact to see themselves as non-aligned, but most Latin Americans like to have it both ways, and Washington has enough sense not to make a political issue of semantics.

As for the US, it has divested itself of the missionary fervor that characterized its policies in the 1960s; the massive aid, the dispatch of legions of American technicians to run the Alliance for Progress and the insistence on representative democracy in Latin America as a virtual condition for economic assistance.

Needless to say, there was no point in propounding a return to the Kennedy policies, even if Nixon had been willing to recommit the United States to them. Latin America has changed enormously during the 1960s. In the '70s the Kennedy-type zeal would appear patronizing to the Latin Americans and represented as such by the new generations both on the right and the left of the political spectrum. The Nixon years were not merely a period of neglect of relations. The administration called it "low profile"; in reality it was a non-policy with no serious effort to look for solutions to a number of bilateral and multilateral problems. The Panama Canal dispute was left to fester though the two governments went through the motions of negotiating

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a new treaty to replace the hopelessly outdated 1902 pact. Nixon would not hear of ending Cuba's political and economic isolation in the hemisphere, oblivious to the change in Latin American attitudes toward Havana. The US allowed itself to become embroiled in a grotesque dispute with Ecuador over American tuna fishing boats operating in Pacific waters that were claimed by the Ecuadoreans even though American fishermen on the East coast of the United States were beginning to feel the same way about foreign fleets working the Atlantic over the Continental Shelf.

The final touch, of course, was the US involvement in the September 1973 revolution in Chile that led to the ouster and death of the Marxist president, Salvador Allende Gossens, and the implanting of one of the bloodiest dictatorships in the Western world. Both Nixon and Kissinger approved the intervention by the CIA and official and private US financial institutions to "destabilize" the Allende regime and oil the way for the military coup. That was when American prestige in most of Latin America hit bottom, although right wing military regimes throughout the region thoroughly approved of the Chilean operation.

In a curious way, it was Kissinger who began to bring the whole relationship around after he became Secretary of State, which happened just about the time of the Chilean coup. It was a highly unlikely enterprise for Kissinger who, except for Chile and Cuba, had shown only the slightest interest in Latin America. Various reasons are given by Kissinger's associates for his new attention to Latin America.

One was that after the Chile tragedy there was an urgent need for the United States to mend its fences in Latin America. The second was that, following the Arab-Israeli war and the oil embargo, it was vital for the US to firm up its relations since Venezuela is one of the world's largest producers and a founding member of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC). Ecuador, a new producer, is the other OPEC member in Latin America. Mexico, a marginal exporter, didn't join OPEC. The third reason was that after the failure of the 1973 "Year of Europe," Kissinger felt that it was important to establish a "special relationship" with Latin America after years of no policy under former Secretary of State William P. Rogers.

Though he was engaged in his first Middle Eastern disengagement mediation, he made a one-day trip to Panama (five hours on the ground) from Washington to work out an agreement of principles with the Panamanian foreign minister aimed at an active resumption of negotiations over the future of the Canal. Ellsworth Bunker, the octogenarian diplomat who had just completed his ambassadorial assignment in Saigon, was named chief negotiator with the Panamanians. The Panamanians were delighted with all this attention. Not only did Kissinger pay them a visit, despite his heavy schedule, but Bunker's appointment gave them a sense of dealing, as an American diplomat put it, with the "American establishment."

Armed with his Panama success, Kissinger went to Mexico early in 1974 to attend the Tlatelolco conference of American foreign ministers. Kissinger was then riding the crest of his popularity, and he was an instant hit with the Latin American ministers. He flattered them and he charmed them. Never at a loss for words, he proposed the "New Dialogue" as the name for a new policy toward Latin America. As far as it is known the "New Dialogue" would enable the US to solve through active negotiations as many outstanding bilateral problems as possible and, at the same time, cement American relationships with Latin America as a whole. A host of multilateral questions were to be covered, ranging from relations with Cuba to economic issues. Kissinger thought that the earlier solution of the nagging problem of salinity in the Colorado River—a series of measures that the United States agreed to take to prevent high-salinity waters from spilling into Mexican farmlands along the border—was a good precedent for dealing one by one with pending questions. The salinity agreement with Mexico was the only significant American accomplishment in Latin American policy during the Nixon years.

Kissinger's approach of peeling problems off one by one, which is his standard negotiating technique, was acceptable to Latin Americans. Where Kissinger failed, however, was in his attempt to formalize the "New Dialogue." Kissinger had no benefit of sound advice. The State Department's Bureau of American Republics Affairs (ARA), which he inherited from Rogers, was probably the weakest of all the bureaus. Thus in this first encounter with the Latin Americans, Kissinger found that he had grossly miscalculated their responses to the "New Dialogue." He had wanted to have the ministerial declaration speak of a hemispheric "community," an innocent enough sounding word, but, as Kissinger discovered, a politically loaded one. To many "community" implied a number of things they did not like. For Brazil, the concept threatened to deprive it of the preeminent role that this giant of the South was increasingly seeking to play. Other Latins feared that Kissinger would see to it that the United States would emerge as the *primus inter pares* in such an arrangement.Kissinger lost the "community" battle, but, presumably, he learned a lot in the process about Latin American sensitivities.

When the foreign ministers convened in Atlanta, in April last year, Kissinger made a point of attending the meeting. Again, that pleased the Latin Americans. They remembered that Rogers had never attended a ministerial conference outside of Washington and, even there, usually sent a deputy after sitting through the opening session. It was in Atlanta that the Americans first indicated that Washington would no longer actively oppose the ending of diplomatic and economic sanctions against Cuba, imposed by the OAS

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in 1964. This was Kissinger being realistic. More and more Latin American governments were ignoring the sanctions and establishing diplomatic relations with Castro. Although the United States had no intention of recognizing Castro, Kissinger evidently believed that there was no sense in waging losing battles in the OAS. It was agreed in Atlanta that the OAS would address itself to the Cuban question at a ministerial meeting in Quito in November.

In September Kissinger picked a new Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America. His choice was William D. Rogers, a liberal Washington attorney who had served as head of the Alliance for Progress under President Johnson. Rogers was well known in Latin America, and he had the special advantage of enjoying easy access to Kissinger, something that his predecessors lacked. On Rogers' advice, Kissinger also removed a number of inept ambassadors in Latin America, replacing them in most cases with promising career Foreign Service officers, some of them quite young.

Also in the fall of 1974, President Ford went to the Mexican border for the ritual of meeting his counterpart. This time, however, Ford and President Echeverria made substantial progress in dealing with the complex problem of illegal Mexican immigrants in the United States.

The Quito ministerial conference, on the other hand, was a fiasco. The US policy was to let the Latin Americans decide for themselves whether they wanted to lift sanctions against Cuba. Privately the State Department favored the lifting of the 1964 resolution, but the delegation headed by the Deputy Secretary of State Robert Ingersoll (Kissinger, deep in Middle Eastern negotiations, could not make it to Quito) refrained from any form of lobbying. A two-thirds majority was required to lift the sanctions, but the sponsors of the resolution made a wrong head count—and they lost by two votes. Ironically the United States was blamed for failing to have marshalled the necessary votes. But it was the United States that immediately suggested that the OAS charter be revised at the scheduled Summer 1975 conference in San José, Costa Rica, to permit decisions of this type by a simple majority. However the ministers were to meet in Buenos Aires in the winter to take up economic and trade problems.

In December a sudden crisis threw a pall over this developing relationship. An unexpected amendment to a trade bill in Congress deprived all OPEC members of United States tariff preferences in retaliation against the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo. To the horror of the State Department, Venezuela and Ecuador—which are OPEC members, but did not participate in the embargo—were included in the ban. A loud howl rose in Caracas and Quito. In a show of solidarity, other Latin American governments joined with Venezuela and Ecuador in cancelling the Buenos Aires ministerial conference. That Venezuela, an oil supplier to many Latin American countries, had quadrupled prices in line with OPEC decisions—thus causing vast damage to the economies of hemisphere importers—was momentarily forgotten in this show of support.

COMING: Richard Critchfield on a world governed by demons and black magic

As a practical matter, neither Venezuela nor Ecuador were significantly affected by the congressional action because most of their exports to the US are affected by the denial of tariff preferences. But this thoughtless action in Congress had a major symbolic impact; it was again the question of the Yankees not being trustworthy. It was to the credit of Venezuela's President Carlos Andrés Pérez, however, that he did not make a huge fuss. Deeply involved in his own policies of using oil wealth to expand Venezuela's prestige and influence, he was not eager for a confrontation with Washington, accepting the administration's assurances that it would do everything possible to reverse the ban at the first opportunity. Chances are good that this will be done before the end of 1975.

When the OAS ministers met in Washington last April, Kissinger was again the star. Much of the bitterness that followed the anti-OPEC action had abated. The Secretary and the Panamanian foreign minister issued a joint statement to the effect that the negotiations over the Canal were progressing, control of the Panama Canal being the major burning issue in hemispheric relations (bilateral problems with the United States frequently become internationalized because of the Latin Americans' perceived sense of solidarity, the Canal statement set the tone for the whole conference).

In the summer, the OAS Council meeting in San José amended the Charter and voted to lift sanctions against Cuba. The OAS itself appeared to have been revived when Alejandro Orfila, the Argentine ambassador to the United States, was elected secretary-general of the organization. An activist, Orfila may succeed in time in revitalizing the OAS.

In the multilateral context, the most serious current problem concerns economic relationships between the United States and the developing countries. This is, however, only one aspect of a worldwide problem concerning raw materials producers *v.* the consumer nations.

At the San José conference, Peru—the principal Latin American "Third World" spokesman—proposed a resolution calling for the establishment of a new world economic order. The United States was the only one to vote against it on the reasonable grounds that it was

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unclear what the resolution precisely meant and that the world economic order cannot be changed piecemeal on a regional basis. But the Latin American solidarity was once more reflected in the overwhelming support the Peruvians got. It is, of course, this kind of politics that rules out Kissinger's notions of a hemisphere "community."

Some bilateral problems still defy solution.

Panama, despite recent progress in negotiations, is still the most important one. The difficulty here is not so much diplomacy as American domestic politics. A new treaty must be approved by a two-thirds majority in the Senate; as of October 1975, the best count was that it would fall short by at least 15 votes. Opponents come from the Dixie bloc in the Senate and from conservatives in general. They argue that the United States would be giving up what is rightfully ours if it eliminated the perpetuity clause written in the 1902 treaty. There are emotional overtones in the controversy, heightened by the American defeat in Indochina. The "Zonians"—the Americans in the Canal Zone who would be seriously affected by a transfer of sovereignty—have powerful allies among the Senate's conservatives.

As matters stood late in 1975, the State Department could not submit a Panama Canal treaty for ratification, even if it was completed, because it would be rejected. This could inflame Panamanian tempers and lead to a major crisis in Hemispheric relations.

There is concern in the State Department that President Ford, seeking conservative and right wing support in the 1976 elections, may undercut Kissinger's and Bunker's efforts to negotiate a new Panama treaty. The congressional mood on Panama was demonstrated earlier this year when the House of Representatives voted (with the support of Southern liberals) to forbid the State Department to spend funds for negotiations with Panama. But the Senate killed this amendment. Pro-treaty forces also seemed to gain some support following a September visit to the Canal Zone by Gen. George S. Brown, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Deputy Secretary of Defense William Clements and Assistant Secretary of State Rogers. Brown and Clements (who were shown films of the 1964 anti-American riots in Panama) may be changing their position—and the Pentagon views carry weight with Southern senators.

Restoration of relations with Havana is on the back burner despite some small steps taken in 1975 toward a relaxation of tensions. Late in August, for example, the United States relaxed its 14-year-old economic embargo against Castro by allowing subsidiaries of American companies abroad to sell products to Cuba and by removing penalties against other nations trading with Havana. This followed Castro's gesture of returning two million dollars in ransom money brought some years ago to Cuba by an airline hijacker.

Castro took the view that the August move by Washington was a "positive" one, but he made it plain that the ban on direct trade was still a "dagger at our throat." He repeated his past statements that he would negotiate a resumption of relations only after the United States economic blockade is fully removed. Conservatives are dead set against any concessions to Castro, and Cuba could, along with Panama, become a campaign issue against Ford in his bid for the Republican nomination next summer.

But even the State Department has a list of conditions. One of them would be a commitment by Cuba to indemnify American corporations and private citizens for property seized after the revolution. The Foreign Claims Commission has set the compensation figure at $1.8 billion. Because of double standards prevailing in Washington, the question of political prisoners held in Cuba would be another factor in considering relations with Cuba. It is, of course, a humanitarian view, but, oddly it does not apply to Chile where thousands languish in prisons, or to the Soviet Union with which the whole Western world joined this year in the Helsinki declaration.

Other bilateral problems in Latin America loom less important. For example there is no opposition from the United States government or from corporations involved, to Venezuela's decision to nationalize its oil industry. The nationalization law provides for negotiated compensations and a gradual phase-out; the oil companies are resigned to their fate. Sooner or later, a solution must be found for the 20-year-old problem involving Latin American claims for a 200-mile territorial waters limit for fisheries. Ecuadorean seizures of American tuna fishing boats are only one aspect of a complex international law issue.

Finally there is the question of Chile. It remains one of the most damaging irritants in American relations with democratic Latins—and it results from Kissinger's personal decision to support the Chilean junta. There has been no serious effort by the United States to press the junta to cease some of its most flagrant violations of human rights. Chile receives economic aid from the United States—$20 million this year in food—and it took congressional action to prevent the sale of arms to the junta.

Latin Americans are intense nationalists—first and foremost. They accept the United States as a fact of life because they have no choice. Lately this acceptance has been less grudging. But the relationship remains cyclical and difficult. Suspicions of American motives persist. It will be a long time before the interventions in Guatemala, Cuba, the Dominican Republic and Chile are forgotten—no matter how pragmatic and realistic may be the new generation of Latin American leaders. Because of its overwhelming power, the burden of creating a fully acceptable relationship will always be on the United States.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Old Hokum Bucket

Rooster Cogburn (Universal). "The West has changed, but you haven't changed with it." It's like slipping on a pair of old shoes to hear a line like that. And it's particularly comfortable because, from the first split-second, with the candy-colored lake and the family-type music, this picture has promised us what it's going to be, and here's the dialogue keeping that promise. It's hokum. When decently done, hokum is almost a physical pleasure. The old popular theater, which was killed by the film, used to thrive on hokum—manifest sentimentality of plot and character and dialogue which depended on collusion between stage and audience almost as completely as Kabuki drama. Then a lot of films took over the hokum function.

Nowadays there's not much good hokum in films. Instead we get bad hokum pretending to be starkly true, in such glittery trash as *The Heartbreak Kid* and *Play It as It Lays* and *The Sugarland Express*.

Well, not from Hal B. Wallis, friends. The producer of *King's Row*, *All This and Heaven, Too*, *The Fighting 69th* and, for heaven's sake, *Robin Hood* knows hokum. Why, he produced what may be the cleverest piece of it in film history, so well that lots of people think it's *not* hokum—*Casablanca*. Naturally six years ago, he produced *True Grit*. And, naturally, in these sequel-prone days, he produces its sequel—with a script by Martin Julien built around the one-eyed drunken old marshal of Charles Portis' novel.

So we just settle back in our chairs and tip our invisible hats forward on our heads as fat old husky-voiced John Wayne lumbers on to the screen once more as Rooster Cogburn, Arkansas or thereabouts, 1880 or thereabouts. And what further hath Hal B. Wallis wrought? A co-star—who has been in films almost as long as Wayne and has an equally strong though very different personality: Katharine Hepburn. And what may have given HBW the idea? *The African Queen*, in which, 24 years ago, Hepburn costarred with another unlikely but highly complementary man, Humphrey Bogart. So once again they put Hepburn in a wilderness as a missionary, with one male relative who gets killed, and once again have her forced to journey out of the wilderness under the protection of a male who is the opposite of everything that her missionary work has stood for. No sex, of course, at this late date, but lots of juice and flavor.

And that's exactly what we get, two old stars doing their very different stuff together for the first time. How sensible not to put them in a sensible story, just to give them a romp that allows them to exploit the personae they've constructed over more than 40 years. The publicity says that Wallis is already looking for a new story to continue the adventures of these two. Perhaps they'll be the new Min and Bill, teaming up at the end of their careers like Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler. The next story shouldn't prove much of a problem: *this* one didn't. It has baloney in it like (in 1880) Rooster befriending a young Indian and promising to help him become a marshal, and it has inconsistencies like Richard Jordan as a mad killer trying to inject Actors Studio "emotional truth" into this Technicolor taffy, but it's all good enough hokum. And the picture proves a home truth once again: the more and the longer you like stars, the more use they can make of your affection, for your pleasure.

Hearts of the West (MGM). This country certainly needs its national parks—not just for landscape and wild life but for nostalgic innocence. The West of *Rooster Cogburn*, for all its killings, is one such; Hollywood itself, at any time before World War II, is another. The films of *The Day of the Locust* and (the forthcoming) *The Last Tycoon* are exceptions. The rule is that if you have your actors wear old-style movie makeup and put the director in puttees or boots and have clearly identified heroes and heroines and villains, the result with the audience will be like showing them puppies or babies: in unison they will tilt their heads sideways and sigh "Ahhh" deep in their throats. It's happened on Broadway from *Merton of the Movies* (1922) to *Mack and Mabel* (1974). It's happened in films at least as long.

And it happens once again in *Hearts of the West*, though this time the syndrome gets leaned on rather heavily and shakily. Heavily *because* shakily. The story by Rob Thompson creaks noisily, instead of swinging on good schmaltz like *Rooster Cogburn*, and the picture has no really compelling stars. Jeff Bridges, the hero, has some breeze, but he demonstrates anew that "they don't have faces any more."

Bridges, a farmboy from Idaho in 1930, wants to be a Western writer, goes to visit a correspondence school in Nevada that has been taking his money, discovers that the school is two crooks in a hotel, accidentally makes off with their cash, and is chased by them to Hollywood where he gets jobs acting in Westerns when all he wants to be is a writer. Comedy characters are set up laboriously all along the way. The script huffs and puffs to be light-hearted, but it isn't even *clear*. I still can't figure out why Bridges took the $2000 to the fabulously rich publisher. (If you don't understand that, imagine how I feel—I saw the picture.) Maybe Thompson's script was itself supposed to be a model of the movie world that it's about, but it doesn't succeed. To put it in a phrase, too little talent.

Alan Arkin, playing a director of Westerns, exhibits more of his carefully broken comic arcs, his Harry Langdon timing. What Donald Pleasence is doing in the small role of the rich Jewish publisher I don't know and, plainly, neither does he. Blythe Danner, an actress of ability (she once did a very

Films Worth Seeing

Coonskin. Cartoon-and-live vicious vaudeville about race-riven New York. Bitter, bawdy, often brilliant.

Dog Day Afternoon. Brooklyn bank robbery. Factual yet fantastic. Best work so far by Al Pacino, the star, and Sidney Lumet, the director.

Nashville. The country-music scene as America-in-essence. Not nearly as daring and deep as it thinks, but some good performances (Lily Tomlin, Keenan Wynn) and some deft direction (Robert Altman).

Swept Away. Rich Italian woman and poor sailor cast away on island. Fine fun while they're there, but the script is at sea back on the mainland.

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pleasant Viola in a Lincoln Center *Twelfth Night*) is the most successful of the lot as a script girl, skinny, sexy-voiced, engaging.

Howard Zieff, who directed *Slither* a few years ago, is trying to earn a reputation for zaniness—quite visibly trying. Almost nothing in this picture is emotionally earned—it's *inferior* hokum—yet it keeps feverishly wagging its tail at us. Attention, SPCH. (Society for the Prevention of the Corruption of Hokum.)

Note: Ten years ago (*TNR*, Oct. 2, '65) I wrote an article called "Are We Doomed to Festivals?" That was after the third New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center. By the time this appears the 13th festival will have closed. I still stand by the gist of what I said in that piece.

The gist is: festivals are a poor substitute for a system through which foreign and domestic films, not available in commercial release, can be seen by the maximum number of people who might be interested in them. Sweden has (or anyway had) a system, composed of member societies based on universities, through which foreign films can be imported under bond, without duty or restriction, are shown only to members and can then be regularly imported or not but will at least have been seen by those who wanted/needed to see them. The same could be done here, as well as for the many dozens of independent American films that are produced yearly and that "nobody" sees. Regular weekly showings to a circuit of members would keep the currents flowing and would help to diminish the ignorance of world film production from which every single person concerned with film, no matter how knowledgeable, must suffer. The financing of such a system by a major foundation would be relatively easy. (The system, once established, might prove almost self-supporting.)

Instead, at Lincoln Center and at festivals elsewhere in this country, we get hoopla for a couple of weeks—very mixed series including films that are soon going to be released commercially in order to spangle the program with big names. (This year New York again showed a film *already* released here—*Smile*.) The New York Festival has belatedly amended matters somewhat by instituting in 1972 a New Directors series, run at the Museum of Modern Art at a different time. To the festival and that series I'm indebted for the chance to see some good and even less good films that I probably wouldn't have otherwise seen: among the former are works by Ichikawa, Olmi, Tarkovsky, Szabo and Wenders. But the worst system in any field achieves *something*. The worst thing about this system is that it deludes many into thinking that the problem it paws at has been taken care of.

The Writings of Tom Wolfe

The Manchurian Candidate

Simple premise; prolix journalist, worldly panache, creed played close to the vest, *au courant* throughout the '60s. Sweeping political changes; he sticks to his guns. Black America rumbles Tom tumbles typewriter over teakettle, *writes himself off the set for the '70s*. Like this.

Wolfe was a teenager when World War II ended. By the time he entered Yale University's interdisciplinary graduate American studies program, the tentacular, ideological icicles of the Cold War had cryo-lobotomized the colleges. Nice, safe, realistic statistics effloresced as a sub-discipline of sociology. August Hollingshead held forth on social stratification with the five-class paradigm he had developed in "Elmtown." He loved to apply his life-style taxonomy to the very colleges of Mother Yale, the black shoe Class IIIs and IVs, the brown shoe parvenus of Class II, and the ineffably insouciant, white shoe, Class I denizens of Mory's.

It was period perfect, no hint of "rock-the-boat" upheaval inherent in Marx's class classification of the "haves" and "have-nots" of industrial society. This was clean, cautious, Cold War stuff. It was based on the culture sociology of a Weimar liberal, Max Weber, who contended that economic terms were insufficient to an understanding of social structure: social class was a matter of shared values, ideas, customs, life styles, the "our crowd" phenomenon: Marxism turned upside down. Violent revolution was not inevitable given the logic of his system, and for Wolfe as he rendered the "fat" from Weber, any substantial change in the order of classes was just the Sirens' call to some Uptown Tantalus (ususally a Jew in the post-War years) to place himself in a state of luchred grace via the Protestant ethic. That was history lesson number one.

History lesson number two, again a Weberian melange, involved charisma and bureaucracy; in short, "who's in charge here?" Capitalism, a great bureaucratizing force, was a protean succubus through which anything new, baroque and functionless was metabolized into something functional, expensive and Modern. ("Modern," a term of sheer opprobrium for Wolfe, meaning Seventh Avenue low-life knock-offs.) What one man could do scrupulously, a hundred robots could do rationally (*pace* Henry Ford). Wolfe's doctoral dissertation at Yale was a bizarre, Cold War document, a rehash of Eugene Lyons' *The Red Decade*. He wrote about *The League of American Writers: Communist Organizational Activity among American Writers, 1929-1942*. They were Prometheans bound to the Red Queen's rock, an immoderate Weberian nightmare. Sad to say, these highfalutin' intellectuals were so easily bamboozled. They'd gotten status-striving all backward; they were headed, said Wolfe, in the wrong direction.

Oddly enough these hypothetical constructs and the American '60s chimed. Wolfe was graduated into a Weberian universe. Charisma was claimed by John Kennedy in office, and the image intensified by John Kennedy in death was followed by the vast, dull routinizing efforts of the Great Society. Solitary surfers and custom car commandoes, Kenneth Anger's films and Cassius Clay were idols of individualism in a white collar world. Pop Artists, giddy, keen and lionized, hammered away at the citadel of Abstract Establishmentarianism, while Pop Art itself appeared to teeter at the very brink between charisma and cooptation. There were Americans in Vietnam and Americans in the stratosphere and Americans launched beyond the portals of meager perception aboard the final pharmaceutical solu-

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tion, LSD.

When Farrar, Straus and Giroux published the first collection of Wolfe's *New York* and *Esquire* pieces, *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, in 1965, though the range of topics was surprisingly lean (teenagers, exhibitionists, hip capitalists, the prerationalized folk arts, and New York Art down for the count in a suffocating social whirl) the book actually had a thesis which was almost a Weberian paradigm: World War II created a redistribution of funds with more money than ever before going to the "proles" and "petty burghers," who, finding Class I barricaded, built for themselves a new culture, that was generally ignored by the aristocrats and their stodgy Class I press and kindred damned intellectuals. And what did Wolfe have for these new Protestants? Salt for their wounds.

The second collection, *The Pump House Gang*, refined the paradigm to its essence and encapsulated status seekers, a different social class for every taste and pocket. The darnedest thing was it was all coming out autobiography. Though the articles in these volumes be about William Harrison, publisher of *Confidential*, who but Wolfe was capitalizing on celebrity and ghost-writing first-person confessions? about Huntington Hartford, who but Wolfe "devoted himself to his chosen field—the religion of Culture—with a zealous and enduring disdain of the cultural Establishment"? about Marshall McLuhan, who but Wolfe "never stops to debate a point—'He wants observations, not agreement'"?

The heady stakes of Art Society came in for further excoriation. *Tangerine-Flake Baby* had a bemused and chiding tone. ("Today Robert Rauschenberg does some comic painting, now known as Pop Art, for a couple of years and here he is in dinner clothes and a seat of honor at the Museum of Modern Art, being lionized by Adlai and Lady Bird. . . .") But that tone was soon dissolved in contempt and misapprehension. In "The Shockkkkkk of Recognition" he equates a fan's snapshot of Natalie Wood with any oil by any Old Master in a chi-chi uptown gallery. But notwithstanding the fact that both could be characterized as high-priced *chatchkas* (acquired junk), both Natalie Wood and the painting, the comparison missed the difference between them: a snapshot has value only for its mimetic content while a painting is an object as well as representing an authenticated act of creation; a mere noun compared to a glorious gerund. (It was a crucial lapse of insight prefiguring *The Painted Word*.) Deep within his contempt for the art world's suave hucksterism was that old hatred of the white shoe insouciance, that old Protestant bugaboo that you work like hell for God's good grace, though you understand, hope against hope, that He shall not be moved.

The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, published the same day as *The Pump House Gang*, turned out to be a saga of charisma (Ken Kesey's) and routinization. But in it Wolfe casually wrote off black Amerca. "The whole old-style hip life—jazz, coffee houses, civil rights, invite a spade for dinner, Vietnam—it was suddenly dying, I found out, even among the students at Berkeley . . . which had been the heart of the 'student-rebellion' and so forth. It had even gotten to the point that Negroes were no longer in the hip scene, not even as totem figures." The Negroes were replaced by the Hell's Angels as the "raw, vital proles." But after all, in Wolfe's view blacks, Angels and assorted bohos are just so many emanations of the middle-class mind that heave in sight, like Brigadoon, only as they relate to secret hopes and carpet rides. It's part of what he calls "*nostalgie de la boue*—a longing [of upper class men and women] to recapture the raw and elemental vitality of the lower orders . . . [as a] means of setting themselves apart from the middle classes [in a time when] wealth was no longer a buffer between the classes; but the old aristocratic manner of *confidence* was."

Radical Chic was the decline in full swing. The failure of it all was that a great change had come. The Black Panthers had become the Socialist Panther party. His effort to milk some comedy from the hypothetical antipathy of down-and-out Marxian class warriors and up-and-coming Weberian status strivers didn't work. The people at the meeting Leonard Bernstein hosted for the Panthers were a very special lot, perfect Wolfe targets, wealthy Jews, but apart from that, entertainment and media people. They stood in no direct relationship to the means of primary production; they would not be the first to get theirs "when the revolution came." It was not inconsistent for them to recognize, despite the opulence of their surroundings, that the oppression of one class is the oppression of all. That has nothing to do with *chatchkas*. *Radical Chic*, a poisonous concept with a staggering virulence, was an insidious bit of Cold War baggage, a brilliant, if unin-

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tentional, act of reactionary sabotage.

Wolfe followed that gaffe with his introductory essay to *The New Journalism*, and there it all came out: nobody but he was the model of the charismatic figure he'd been writing about for so long, for he had restored realism to postwar American letters (through the simple expedient of misreading Balzac). The brilliance of realism is its potential to be more than cinema verité; it can see with the mind what the eyes cannot see—the connections among the artifacts. Wolfe never got beyond the artifacts, the great alliterative lists of consumables.

Then he hit on something: Modern—and how he hated the word—Modern Art, always his whipping boy, intensely intellectual like those writers who'd been hoodwinked by the Commies in New York, a threat to vaunted realism and with it all that old status stuff. *The Painted Word* was to be Laurence Harvey alone in that light booth suspended above the masses in Madison Square Garden, plinking off the enemy, then turning the double-barreled shotgun on himself.

His glee was unbounded, his premises but two. The first, by now familiar, sees the artists and their patrons locked in a symbiotic status marathon by which the bohemians achieve the acclaim of all classes and nothing less than parvenu status for themselves, while the eternally striving uptowners gamble their stakes for a chance at the diamond-studded brass ring of gentility. The only dissonance to unbind the clasped pair was the boho's irresistible urge to play to the stands, score points off his partner's blear-eyed bewilderment.

The second premise, equally spurious, is that though the modern art movement had begun as a reaction to literary content in 19th-century painting, it was now completely subsumed by the enterprise of criticism, the paintings little more than illustrations for the essays. Wolfe enacts a factitious burlesque of cutthroat Svengalis, Jewish critics, lustily brawling, while mesmerized armies of besmocked drones obediently fabricate off-the-rack canvases to critical specifications.

The error comes in insinuating antagonism between art and criticism at all, since both are emanations of perception, and perception is embedded in a society. Painters and critics living much the same life are subject to the same unconscious structures of mind. A mere correlation between formalist painting and formalist criticism hardly demonstrates cause

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and effect in either direction, the volubility of critics notwithstanding. Had Wolfe been intent on convincing us that the vectors of influence had changed to favor the formalist critics, he might have evidenced a formalist and powerless critical cenacle in the era of literary painting. But criticism is no more than the ideological summation of all the esthetic and historical and social relations that make up the activity known as painting, and there can be no precedence.

What it comes down to is that Wolfe knows nothing about modern art and surprisingly little about the American class structure. He knows what he has been programmed not to like. They did more than exclude him from their white shoe parties at Yale, they graduated him The Manchurian Candidate.

Mitch Tuchman

Mitch Tuchman is a free lance writer who, like Tom Wolfe, earned his PhD at Yale.

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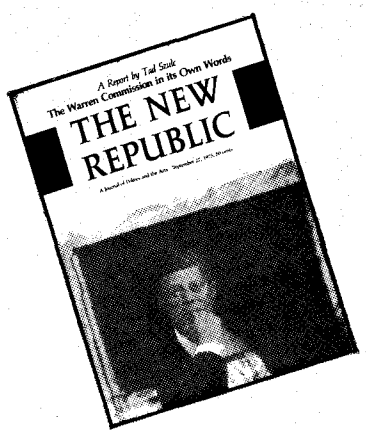

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Books Considered

Passions and Other Stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $8.95)

Isaac Bashevis Singer has lately become a figure in his own stories. He comes on as an embarrassed celebrity, awkwardly trying to fend off readers who regularly break in on him because they find him a link to their long suppressed Jewishness. The situation is inherently comic, problematical, unsettling to all parties concerned. For Singer's own "Jewishness" is unsentimental, occult, faithful in its own way to his rabbinical youth. But as in "The Admirer," the best of these stories, Singer's confused American fans breaking in on him tend to be even more confused about what they are looking for. They introduce complications that more than cancel out any pleasure their homage gives this Warsaw-born Yiddish writer who, after long struggles, acquired a wide American audience. Singer is amazed by his new readers. In some way he feels himself to be their captive.

It is these "confusions" that give such characters their invincible craziness and thus their human interest. Singer writing about a wholly Jewish world recognizes in his "admirers" that to be Jewish is to be driven by forces that Jews understand no better than others do. The "mystery" of Jewish religion (and of Jewish persistence) may be especially a mystery to those who have suffered most for it.

In Singer's constant flow of stories about the multiple effects of the Holocaust, the victims of Hitler, just barely returned to life, are picturesquely crazed. In "Hanka," the story of an unreal lecture tour in Argentina, Singer hears from a woman who had been not so much hidden as buried by Poles during the war: "We all lived with death, and I want you to know that one can fall in love with death. Whoever has loved death cannot love anything else any more." Even the innocently vulgar American Jews in Miami Beach, as the next-best story, "Old Love," so conscious all day long of their new-found wealth, feel as naked as Job in the presence of their anxieties. Death calls them because their deepest attachments are to the dead. By contrast, the stories of old Poland show devout Jews as sleepwalkers, reiterating the daily vows and rituals of their religion, but able to do so only because they are cut off from a non-Jewish world. Soon this world will catch up with them and their descendants.

These descendants in America now come to Singer's door. In his pages they have discovered a world of tradition whose most exact beliefs are foreign to them. Singer, as he portrays this situation and himself, is both their *rebbe* and their victim. He seems to "know." What are we all about and what is the matter with us? Tell us!

But of course Singer is too foxy a storyteller to yield up his art to other people's nostalgia. Evidently he cannot stop writing about Jews and he cannot help writing so much, for what with Poland, New York, Miami Beach, Israel, there are stories within stories. Although some stories have the effect of anecdotes, (*Passions* is certainly an uneven collection), I never feel about this unstoppable writer that he repeats himself on purpose. Singer, like the ever-dwindling Yiddish audience for whom he writes directly in the *Jewish Daily Forward*, is endlessly fascinated by Jews, whose stories reach from the Bible to the 20th-century apocalypse. Singer portrays himself in these stories as a Jew also baffled by the convolutions of Jewish existence, and the exalted claims made for it. Jews are described as they are. In "Sabbath In Portugal," Singer arrives at a Lisbon hotel:

> *The lobby was filled with compatriots from New York and Brooklyn. Their wives, with dyed hair and heavily made-up faces, smoked cigarettes, dealt cards, laughed and chattered all at once. Their daughters in mini-skirts formed their own circles. The men were studying the financial pages of the International Herald Tribune. Yes, these are my people, I said to myself. If the Messiah is to come, he will have to come because there are no others.*

The problem with this book, nevertheless, is that Singer's naturally dry, matter-of-fact, laconic wit shines somewhat artificially in translation. The more anecdotal stories, which depend on the dramatic polarities of Yiddish speech, read as if the translations had been energized to cover up some unavoidable Yiddish intonation. Sentences startle and flip out at the reader with

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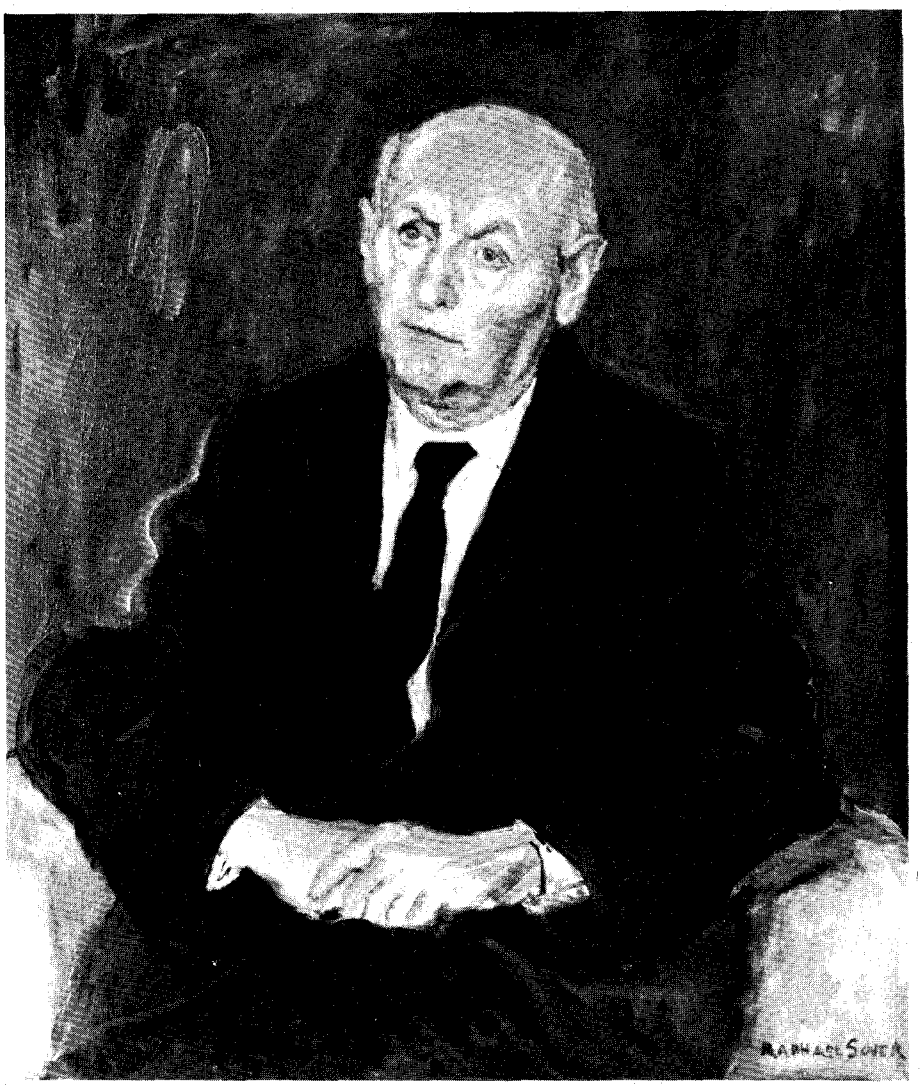

Raphael's Soyer's portrait of Isaac Bashevis Singer courtesy of Forum Gallery.

unbalanced effect. In "Hanka," we heard of a Polish-Jewish girl sold into prostitution in Argentina: "What could the girl do? They took her away on a ship and kept her in chains. She had already lost her innocence. She was sold into a brothel and had to do what she was told. Sooner or later she got a little worm in her blood, and with this she could not live long. After seven years of disgrace, her hair and teeth fell out, her nose rotted away, and the play was over. Since she was defiled, they buried her behind the fence. I remember my sister's asking 'Alive?'"

Singer consciously unsettles his reader, for his stories are all written within the compressiveness of magazine style. Unlike most short story writers today, who know not where to turn, Singer has an audience every week, and writes for this Yiddish audience, works on it, identifies with it. Only his great gifts enable him to elude it at times. Most Yiddish writers never do. But Singer's sly provocations of style are also an artistic necessity. There is so much material in Jewish lore, so much continuation into our day of the Jewish past, so much horror and unreality in the endless stories-within-stories of the Holocaust, that there is a too-enormous gallery of people to write about, a hall of mirrors to walk through. Singer's sentences have to speed through millennia of experience and human feeling:

Those who stood at the threshold of death remain dead.

I stood there, tense and miserable, and took a quick reckoning of man and his existence.

The cockroaches in my apartment apparently knew that I was a vegetarian and that I felt no hatred for their species, which is a few hundred million years older than man and which will survive him.

A cigar stuck out between his lips. His belly protruded like that of a woman in late pregnancy. He wore a navy-blue jacket, green pants, brown shoes, a shirt with purple stripes, and a silk tie on which was painted the head of a lion.

Each word, each sentence in that old [Hebrew] parchment was familiar to me with all its implications. I've studied the same laws in other volumes.

Senhor de Albeira asked, "Do you understand this?"

"I'm afraid I understand nothing else."

Alfred Kazin

Alfred Kazin's most recent book is *Bright Book of Life: American Novelists & Storytellers from Hemingway to Mailer* (Atlantic Monthly Press).

Matisse on Art
ed. by Jack D. Flam

(Phaidon; $12.50)

Henri Matisse was ambivalent about words. In his middle years he scoffed at Delacroix's journals and counseled young painters to cut their tongues out. But in his old age he illustrated a group of his cut-outs with a text (*Jazz*, 1947) and even spoke of the "indulgent spirit" which an artist's writings might be granted. Now, 23 years after his death, we at last have solid proof that his *obiter dicta*—statements, interviews, letters—add up to a whole book.

Not that we can read Matisse for an explanation of his paintings. No one, he least of all, could provide that. But we can certainly gain some insight into the spiritual growth of this fat, tall, pungent bourgeois who liked to say "Simplify life," and who traveled only by local train so that he might contemplate the forms of the parasolpines. We hear him reminding us, for example, of how long he worked to achieve his celebrated "condensation of sensations." "I have always tried to hide my own efforts," he wrote in a letter to Henry Clifford in 1948, "and wanted my work to have the lightness and joy of a springtime which never lets anyone suspect the labors it has cost." Looking back, he saw his youth as a long mulching, a "slow and painful preparation" during which he "didn't have enough to buy a beer."

It is intriguing, in this context, to lay some of his earlier statements beside his later ones. In 1912, before an American visitor, he invoked his years as a copyist in the Louvre as evidence of his classical training, adding that the French government, that normally bought such copies,

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had refused his freer interpretations. By 1951 however, he was making light of the entire matter, and confessing that even his strictest versions had shown no great schooling. He remarked to a friend that "the works most successful with the purchasing commission were those done by the mothers, wives and daughters of the museum guards. Our copies were only accepted out of charity. I would have liked to be literal . . . but couldn't. What is believed to be boldness was only awkwardness. So liberty is really the impossibility of following the path which everyone usually takes and following the one that your talents make you take."

The French sometimes say that a man is a "pruned child." If that is so, Matisse's strength lay in his refusal to accept such pruning when inflicted by others. The pollard tree, that quintessential expression of the French landscape, was utterly foreign to him; he was to prefer the wild beauty he had first encountered in the word-painting of Pierre Loti's "Au Maroc" (1890). "One must be a child all one's life," he wrote at 82, "/and/take one's strength from the existence of objects—not have imagination cut off by/them."

Matisse was always wary of perils to the imagination. He has left much evidence, for example, of his long quarrel with Picasso, whose work he regarded as an avatar of the flashy literalism he had detested in the École des Beaux Arts. For if Matisse and Picasso are the two greats of our modern art, they are also poles apart. Wallace Stevens once described the blue of Picasso's "Blue Period" as a "color like a thought that grows/Out of a mood, the tragic robe/Of the actor . . . silk/sodden with his melancholy words,/The weather of his stage, himself." These lines (whatever their original purpose) might well serve to distinguish the two grand styles. It is Matisse's color, much more than Picasso's, that represents a thought grown out of a mood. Again it is not Picasso's but Matisse's stage, with its many atmospheric monochromes, that best captures the soul's inner weather. Yet the actor's robe is surely Picasso's, for he was the more dramatic (and antic) of the two. Picasso was the melancholy thespian, the dramaturge; Matisse was the stage manager surrounded by his favorite properties. "The object is an actor," he would say; "a good actor can have a part in 10 different plays." And so he would cast them over and over again—his eggplants, his goldfish, his figurines—and bathe them with stage lights of blue and crimson and rose.

Both Picasso and Matisse painted emblems of what they considered to be "nature." But while Picasso often threw tantrums in paint, Matisse settled into a cozy reverie "inspired by reality." Never repelled by reality, yet never striving to overmaster it, his art became permissive as an open window. In its commingling of interior and exterior space it reminds one of Mallarmé's *Faun*, which the painter was later to illustrate. Mallarmé had spoken of a dream in which "we amused/The beauty all about us by false confusions/Between itself and our credulous song." To mix such spirits—the seducer's falseness and the lover's credulity—was soon to be Matisse's deepest desire. He wanted, somehow, to follow nature while also foiling her (for instance, by painting sunlight black).

Nowhere is this paradox more clearly revealed than in the large masterpiece called *The Red Studio* (1911), that now hangs in the Museum of Modern Art. This rhapsodic interior is akin to the painter's writings in that it also "talks" about his life and art. Here the *coin d'atelier* is "spiritualized" into one vast expanse of red, and peopled with eight canvases ranging from 1898 to 1911. Matisse was, in effect, giving himself a retrospective, and several of his most illuminating comments in this book bear directly upon it. Now this picture is essentially heraldic: on a field, gules are displayed, the principal signs of the painter's self-created lineage—nudes, landscapes and various Arcadian transactions. The whole is both a blazon and a shield of self. Only the artist's works preserve their local hues against the general blush, and something of his concern for the flight of time is expressed in the placing of a handless grandfather clock in what Stevens might have called the "heraldic center of his world."

As it happens, we know that Matisse's Issy-les-Moulineaux studio was not red; he was falsifying it when he rendered it with this delicious color "like a thought that grew out of a mood." But the critics deceive themselves when they assert, as they usually do, that he was simply making free with nature. For in fact this painting, for all its inward fire, is not predominantly warm but cool. It was standard practice among the French landscapists of the last century, as Matisse undoubtedly knew, to begin a scene by drawing all objects in the color of the light, a color which then became the pervading tone of the picture. Matisse followed that practice here by outlining everything with emerald, and even reinforced this cool note by painting the window, the highlights and all white objects (such as empty canvases) with the same icy blue-green. In fact he quite naturalistically rendered cool everything that might reflect the sky. Close inspection reveals that the whole canvas was emerald before the red (itself delicately cooled) was scumbled over. Matisse was careful to enclose the glow of his mood within the cold light of day.

This sort of deliberate confusion—the use of one color to heighten or express its complement—Matisse called "transposition." "In my *Still Life with Magnolia*," he wrote, "I painted a green marble table top red"; elsewhere he avers that he was "forced to transpose until finally my picture may seem completely changed when, after successive modifications, the red has succeeded the green as the dominant color." It is possible that Matisse originally wanted his *Red Studio* to be blue-green (as the actual studio probably looked in morning light), though I suspect that he always wanted it red and merely feigned to paint it emerald at the beginning. Nonetheless emerald remains the expressive atmosphere of this red painting, the air which allows it to breathe. Almost 40 years later, Matisse was to decorate an interior—the Vence chapel—with precisely the same notion in mind: "Red," he said, "cannot be introduced into the Chapel. . . . However, this red exists and it exists by virtue of the contrasts of the colors which are there. It exists by reaction in the mind of the observer."

Matisse's statements may help us to

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understand his work, yet this is not to suggest that they have no power of metaphor in their own right. On his return from Oceania the artist wrote, "I absorbed everything as a sponge absorbs liquid." For Matisse's great gift was just this ability to be absorbed into the beauty all about him. This is what the poet W.D. Snodgrass meant, I assume, when he wrote in *After Experience* that Matisse's "own room drank him."

Dan Hofstadter

Dan Hofstadter is a painter and free-lance writer.

The Hard Years by Eugene J. McCarthy

(Viking; $8.95)

In *The Hard Years* Eugene McCarthy has not pounded together his platform for his next presidential run but all the platform materials are there, scattered on the philosophic ground. The result is a good miscellany for finding out about McCarthy; whether he is explaining why his old club, the Senate, is a primitive institution, or why poets have trouble writing good war poems in the midst of wars, he steadily shows that he does indeed have the good mind that the liberals—and there were others, weren't there?—suspected him of having in 1968.

Not that he is kind to liberals. A liberal, he reports, is one who helps a man drowning 40 feet from shore by throwing him a 25-foot rope and saying, "I've met you more than half way." But is not McCarthy himself a liberal? About half the book says yes, about half says he is a conservative. He will run as an independent, he says. He doesn't like to be classified. If he were able to control the world's image of him it would maybe be an image of a wise old (not too old) politico who is skeptical of reform but still anxious to push for it when it seems reachable through channels. In other words if he is not a liberal he is not one because he knows better than to throw a 25-foot rope.

Where he begins, and perhaps ends, is with institutional reform. His conservatism is evident in his faith in institutions, his radicalism evident in what he would do to them. He would apparently destroy no agency in Washington, not even the Department of Defense (though he would change its name), but he would tinker with all the agencies to restore their institutional integrity. The Supreme Court needs, he thinks, a shot in the arm in the form of justices who are other than professional lawyers (he suggests Hannah Arendt, David Riesman, Barbara Tuchman, Henry Steele Commager). The Justice Department and the IRS—and other agencies particularly subject to "political abuse and exploitation" (are there any that are not?)—need to have their institutional prerogatives reinforced so that "the security and the liberty of citizens will not depend on the chance integrity of governmental employees or the accident of exposure." As for the Senate, though that primeval body "can scarcely move a senator out of office even after he has died," it needs largely to do more of what it has already been doing well of late, that is, insisting on its own institutional prerogatives by fighting the executive branch.

And the executive branch itself? The executive branch is to be reformed not by putting a "strong" man in the front office who will get things done, but by being led to assume its more modest earlier role, the role it had before the age of what Arthur Schlesinger called, with McCarthy concurring, the imperial presidency.

Liberal or conservative, McCarthy's position would seem then to be one obliging him to run for the presidency on a weak-President ticket. A hard ticket to sell perhaps, yet one worth trying to sell. McCarthy does not mean by the word "weak" that the President should have a receding chin and be afraid to talk back to truck drivers, but that he should know the limits of presidential power. Harry Truman, hardly a weak President with truck drivers like Douglas MacArthur, was a President with such knowledge, and McCarthy says of him that of all recent Presidents he was the one who had the "purest concept" of his responsibility "to the office itself." He was not like JFK who, though possessed of an admirable "personal style," ran the office more personally than McCarthy believes the office should be run (McCarthy makes special note here of JFK's choice of RFK for attorney general). He was not like Johnson who had not been long in office before "I" began to supplant "we," and certainly not like Nixon who "began to use the plural 'we' without specifying who was included." Harry Truman was in other words not a big egotist, was not always noisily worrying about what history would say of him, was usually forward in consulting with the Congress, and was properly sensitive to the will of the people. Good man, Harry Truman, recognizing that "leadership should be almost a residual function of the office," the prime function being to lease out the leadership where the country's best energies reside.

A weak President like that (if Harry Truman was really like that) would not of course be weak at all. He would be a sage in the Oval Room, delegating authority, adjudicating wisely between combatants, taking tons of ore in and emitting an occasional nugget. He would be an institutional man, an establishment man, surrounded by an establishment that he would dedicate his office to making and keeping healthy. McCarthy must imagine himself in such a role, and he must also imagine an establishment potentially healthy enough to respond to such a leader. It is a fine imagining.

But it is a very different imagining than the American voter has been treated to in presidential imaginings lately, and to prepare the voter for the shock of the difference this book, *The*

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Hard Years, is, despite its virtues, a slow beginning. It is a wise book, but since when have voters been voting for wisdom? It is a book full of considerate backing and filling, but since when have voters voted for a backer and filler? McCarthy's next step, which is the platform step, the step the book deliberately avoids, will be a hard one for a good mind like McCarthy's to make because it will mean simplifying that which is not simple and taking sides when taking sides seems premature or soft-headed, but it is the necessary step if McCarthy wishes to be a serious candidate. In 1968 he was perhaps fortunate to have had a simple program thrust upon him: end the war. He did well with that program—and to his credit it should be said that he never enunciated it simplistically—but he had it. Now he has it not, and unless something new is thrust upon him in the next six months, something of the magnitude of the Vietnam resistance movement, he may find himself, in the '76 competition, admired as a sage but not as a candidate.

It is at the level of conventional everyday issues that he is, at least in this book, more reticent than a candidate can afford to be. Take as an instance his remarks about corporations. He has a strong six-page essay on the social irresponsibility of our corporations, at the end of which he proposes that we labor to make corporate employment more secure, to make corporations respect the law, and to make them accept their appropriate social roles rather than assuming that the sole function of a corporation is to make money. A fine beginning, but there the essay ends. Does McCarthy propose to be a Populist and fight big money, big trusts, corporate pressures on Washington, all that? The essay suggests that he might, but leaves us with the conditional, leaves us (after sound historical observations about corporations) with little more than a reformist platitude to hang corporate futures on: "The time has come to raise a significant challenge to the political, economic and social power of corporations." What is the significant challenge to be? He gives no clue.

Perhaps when the campaign hots up he will start giving clues, not only on how to fight corporate power but on other national troubles the book touches on, then moves away from. How for instance is a "weak" President to maintain his admirable weakness and yet keep his independence from specialist "security advisers" like McGeorge Bundy, Walt Rostow and now Henry Kissinger, sages from academia whose powers McCarthy thinks were a pernicious part of the Johnson and Nixon administrations? Or how is that "weak" President to give more guidance to the military than he has, making sure that we will not have another war in which the military steps in to fill a policy vacuum? Or how is a properly "strong" Congress expected to arrange to render itself meek *too*, and hence not keep voting itself ever larger buildings, offices and staffs according to one of Parkinson's Laws? Contradictions and near contradictions keep jostling each other in *The Hard Years*, troubling platform makers.

But in this preplatform time the book, though programmatically troublesome, is remarkable for being thoughtful, witty, terse (McCarthy's style in the new pieces of the book has hardened; he wastes no motion) and spacious. It lets us dream again of what it would be like to have knowledge sitting in the Oval Office. Let us then dream on a bit before the cold weather sets in.

Reed Whittemore

Reed Whittemore's most recent book is William Carlos Williams: Poet from Jersey (Houghton-Mifflin).

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If Men Were Angels . . . A View from the Senate by James L. Buckley

(Putnam's; $8.95)

Since James Buckley may not be expecting a warm welcome in these pages, I may spend a few words putting him at his ease. Even among those who would prefer death to the dishonor of another Republican administration, there is a growing sense of apprehension about the fruits of traditional liberal efforts. Deregulation of oil and gas still seems like a bad idea, but deregulation of airlines and trucking sounds better and better. As Washington's concentration of Jaguars and Mercedes comes to rival that of Biarritz, dark suspicions rise that money has been flowing into the government and never coming out again, just as the conservatives have always said.

Such sympathetic predispositions may not lead readers to buy every bit of James Buckley's argument, which is to call the Republican party home to its conservative principles and the voters home to the Republicans. But many people could do worse than to buy (or at least read) this book, for it is an invigorating critique of the more flaccid parts of the liberal orthodoxy.

First, in the interests of consumer protection, it should be pointed out that *If Men Were Angels* is rambling, disjoint, and leaden of prose in a fashion that bespeaks composition on the dictaphone. About half of it is a meandering rendition of Buckley's political education, commencing with his improbable election to the Senate in 1970. At times this is enlightening, as when, in a chapter on how a senator spends his week, he delivers the fundamental (and not especially conservative) truth about legislative activity—that between shaking hands with the Poughkeepsie Girl Scouts and choosing which of three simultaneous committee meetings to attend, the legislator has no "time for any consecutive thought or any detailed study of the mass of legislation that reaches the floor." At other times, most notably in his chapter on the military, it is unpersuasive and shrill ("When the chips are down, *every* Communist government lines up against us," et cetera).

All this is prelude to Buckley's real effort, which is to demonstrate the failure of centralized federal programs to "improve" the nation. Buckley does

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have a rhetorical advantage here, the same one FDR had when he ran against Hoover: the other side has been in control, and it has manifestly screwed up. Using concrete examples from his time in the Senate, Buckley makes two creditable points about the ill effects of big government.

The first is that the government can't do what it pretends to do, or that when it succeeds, it does so at great cost. Crime, inequality and misery persist; the only difference our programs have made, according to Buckley, is to give us the expensive illusion of progress. The tax system discourages business, and regulation comes close to immobilizing it altogether. Buckley quotes Paul Samuelson to illustrate the back-firing effects of some well-intentioned programs: "What good does it do a black youth to know that an employer must pay him $1.60 an hour if the fact that he must be paid that much keeps him from getting a job?"

Buckley's second point is that, in dangling out its categorical grants and its myriad special programs, the federal government has made businesses, local governments and individual citizens into a vast client empire, where behavior is determined not by the rules of economic efficiency or the wishes of the people, but by the dictates of federal grantsmanship. This idea soon leads Buckley into speculation about the decline of freedom, complete with obligatory references to Edward Gibbon and the Founding Fathers. These become tiresome, but many of his specific examples are telling. They support his conclusion that "an extraordinarily large segment of American life [has] been brought within the net of federal financing. It isn't just the mayors and county executives and school boards who now have an important financial stake in federal programs. There is a vast private constituency as well. . . . They may abhor in principle the extension of federal power. But they panic at the prospect of any curtailment of federal help in their own particular case."

The proposed solution, to no one's great surprise, is to turn government back to the states and counties. Unlike some pie-eyed rhapsodists of clean local government, Buckley is honest enough about the consequences of this policy. The Maryland legislators will keep their hands in the till, and the Alabama sheriffs may go back to their old ways, but "at least we have the satisfaction of knowing that the kind of injustices apt to be perpetrated by a county government will not be so damaging or so difficult to uproot as those imposed by a federal regulation . . on an entire society of more than 200,000,000 souls."

Fair enough. But Buckley does less well in handling the other big objection to his vision—what he calls the "compassion" issue. Most federal programs, overblown as they are now, were originally started because someone needed help. The programs may have become distorted and inefficient, but many of the same needs remain. Buckley is optimistic about the consequences of shutting down all the flabby federal programs, because he is sure that alternate saviors will rise to take up the slack. "The other areas of government, and a whole host of private charitable institutions, can and do" fill needs of "the elderly, the sick, the handicapped, those with dependent children, and those who cannot find work." This is a dubious contention, especially considering a few of the specific examples Buckley offers (the private medical insurance business; Ronald Reagan's "innovation" with California's welfare system). Like Buckley, I would love to get rid of our welfare bureaucrats; but instead of purging the rolls, the answer might be a guaranteed annual income distributed through the IRS.

At a time when such men as Reagan and Roman Hruska represent conservative "thought," this book adds a note of class to the right. But, if taken in the proper spirit of self-criticism, it may do more good for the left.

James Fallows

James Fallows is on the staff of *The Washington Monthly* and *Texas Monthly*.

The Collected Stories of Hortense Calisher

(Arbor House; $15)

An *oeuvre*, as every critic knows, is the body of an author's work and in the autobiographical *Herself*, Hortense Calisher says that "if a writer's work has a shape to it—and most have a repetition like a heartbeat—the *oeuvre* will begin to construct him." The 36 short stories of Hortense Calisher constitute an *oeuvre* and construct a portrait of the artist that her seven novels and four novellas neither modify nor significantly augment. In collecting them, Arbor House has given us an opportunity to see and assess that portrait.

It appears, in cameo form, in the most engaging of the stories, "Mrs. Fay Dines on Zebra," originally published in *Ladies Home Journal* and first collected in *Tale for the Mirror* (1962). Ostensibly a fantasy, the story is a revealing self-portrait of the storyteller Hortense Calisher, here disguised as the *diseuse* Arietta Minot Fay. Mrs. Fay is the last of the Hudson River Minots, a family distinguished by its unique and now outmoded talent for entertaining. "No Minot had ever had a salary." Instead they had attached themselves to various wealthy patrons as "jesters, *fonctionnaires* attending the private person only," prized for their wit, intelligence, charm, that *je ne sais quoi* called style. The widowed Mrs. Fay, her bank account standing at a somber $126.35, needs to find a rich husband; the Minot in her requires him to be a patron as well, who will appreciate her talents.

Watching Arietta Fay identify and capture her patrons, we are watching Hortense Calisher at work. Like the Minots, Calisher is "not a knave, beyond a certain French clarity as to the main chance." She has entertained her patrons superbly for 25 years, perhaps because—like the Minots—she has "attached herself to honorable patrons" who read *The New Yorker* and *Harper's Bazaar* and the best of the women's magazines. Arietta Fay procures a patron and a subsistence by her uncanny tact as a storyteller. Calisher's *Collected Stories* are a dazzling display of that tact at work.

The successful jester knows his patron, supplies his demand even before it is articulated. As Calisher says in *Herself*, "when you write under the likelihood that a magazine will take your work, you will not be able to prevent taking your tone from it." Reading the *Collected Stories*, you can identify the wry

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sophistication and sardonic detachment of the *New Yorker* stories, the well-bred and tasteful sentimentality of those that flattered the readers of *Mademoiselle* and *Charm*. Always you are conscious of the general public, represented for me by the anonymous librarian who pasted on the flyleaf of *Queenie* her handwritten judgment that "Hortense Calisher always *writes* well."

If Hortense-Arietta has an Achilles heel, it is just that. "Words!" she exclaims in "Little Did I Know," another story with a *diseuse* heroine. "I was drunk on language. I collected words in all shapes and sizes, and hung them like bangles in my mind." In *Herself* she admits that this may lead "to a rhetoric which, loving its own rhythms, may stray too far from sense," as it does when, in "The Rabbi's Daughter," a baby gazes at us "with the intent, agate eyes of satisfaction." What is agate about satisfaction? What is satisfying about agate?

This rhetoric endangers the bulk of Calisher's fiction, the stories and novels representing "those flights from the subscribed-to-ordinary" that Calisher says are for her "the heights of literature." There remains a small and precious residue. Even Arietta Fay must have had some private moments, when she wasn't spinning tales for her patron.

"Imagination, which speaks in dithyramb, can never equal the rough, fell syllable of memory," says the narrator of *False Entry*. Calisher's tongue is restrained by the stringencies of memory in her autobiographical fictions, the Hester-Kinny Elkin stories that replicate her family, and the two novels, *False Entry* and *The New Yorkers*, that imaginatively build on that foundation. In the Elkin stories, that Calisher wisely put at the center of this collection "where they may radiate" (and do), verbal felicities are at the service of memory. Adjectives do not pirouette, but evoke the smells and tastes and atmospheres of childhood. In the best of these stories—"The Gulf Between," "The Sound of Waiting," "The Middle Drawer"—personal memory is transformed into universal truth as the child becomes "us" and the parents "them" in an eternal drama of growth and mutability.

Comparing the Elkin stories to the tales told by Arietta, one wonders why Calisher deserted the syllables of memory for the dithyrambs of the entertainer. Like Mrs. Fay, she performs superbly, knowing "every periphrasis" of her stories, "every calculated inflection and aside," every knack of pleasing. But even Arietta Fay knows that "in this taxable world," patrons are hard to come by and that the decline of the private patron signals the decline of "his factotum." Can a world which rations its fuel and chastens its cuisine afford a retainer who dines on her charm? Calisher's *oeuvre*, represented by the *Collected Stories*, constructs a portrait as exquisite as the full-length portrait in ivory of Arietta's forebear, Yves Minot—and just as out of date.

Coming

The poems of Gary Snyder
Frank Kermode's London Letter

Ellen Cronan Rose

Ellen Cronan Rose teaches English at Dartmouth College.

Trollope: His Life and Art by C.P. Snow

(Scribners; $14.95)

In mid-Victorian England, Anthony Trollope practiced simultaneous careers as popular novelist and managerial-level civil servant. C.P. Snow has combined parallel careers a century later with even greater contemporary eminence, earning fame as a novelist while rising far higher in government than did Trollope. Now Lord Snow has written a critical biography of the 19th-century English novelist whose fiction is often thought of as an earlier counterpart to his own. The result is striking. Wasting no words on embellishments, Snow furnishes the reader, in spare, matter-of-fact prose, the fabric of the milieu in which Trollope lived and worked, provides insights into Victorian bureaucracy, publishing and society, and offers lessons—from a professional—in the making of the psychologically realistic novel of moral choice.

"Human beings live in society," says Snow, "and are incomprehensible unless we understand it." And society, he adds, was Trollope's "preoccupation and passion . . . because human beings have to make choices and those choices are sometimes uniquely their own—in their freedom as existentialists used to say—but more often conditioned by what society makes them do." Not living a dilettante life, or even a relatively circumscribed literary life, Trollope moved in the bureaucratic world about which he often wrote. He may have wanted it otherwise, as he was born a "gentleman," but despite his family's being served at the table by a young man in livery, its gentility was of the shabbiest variety. As Bernard Shaw once put it about himself, Anthony Trollope began life as a "downstart."

Trollope's increasingly deranged father failed at law and at gentleman farming. His mother's energy kept the family going, for although she was as extravagant and incompetent as her husband, she finally became lucky, and extracted from a disastrous American venture into business (from which young Anthony was excluded, remaining neglected at his public school) a snobbish, malicious journal she published as *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. In 1832 it made Frances Trollope a celebrity, but earned little money. Soon the family was in debt again, and as the bailiffs moved in, Mrs. Trollope fled with her family across the Channel to Bruges.

For Trollope there was to be no further schooling after Harrow. Mrs. Trollope procured for him an offer of a commission in the Austrian cavalry, and a post as a classics master in Brussels. Then came a less bizarre strategy, employed frequently at the time to relocate younger sons without the education for a career in the Church. She used her influence to get Anthony a job with the Post Office. At 19 he was on his own, and spent the rest of his non-novelist life as a civil servant.

From a simpler and more traditional base, the administrative world of early Victorian England was just beginning to develop the railways, communications and public services which Snow terms "the matrix of the modern state." Young Trollope, before he began his first novel while a postal trouble-shooter in Ireland, was one of the fabricators. Administrators of public services then had to be closer to the operational level, and innovate procedures. Trollope almost lived on horseback, learning about the coarser and seamier parts of the realm his department served. He simplified mail routes, and even invented the pillar box. In Ireland, where an English civil servant was a pseudo-aristocrat, he mapped postal routes and hectored local postmasters while the genteel element in his blood, dormant for decades, heated at the prospect of a hunt, and

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varmed only a little less at the fashionable resort of Kingstown, near Dublin, where he met his future wife.

Writing his first novel, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*, Trollope found his way of life fixed in a happy pattern that would last for years, regardless of his duty location in the British Isles. He would rise at five, write from 5:30 to 9:30, writing 250 words each quarter of an hour, then dress for breakfast and go off to work, usually arriving not before 11 or 11:30. Later in life he often hunted two days a week, not turning up at work at all. ("This wasn't unusually late for a senior official," Snow notes. "Up to 1939 high civil servants came late to their offices, and stayed late at the end of the day.") When on the job, however, Trollope was efficient and industrious, rising in position in his department even before his literary accomplishments brought him hardly more than "a little invisible esteem."

In 1854 Trollope thought that the big event of his year was his long-awaited promotion to full surveyor (inspector) at the Post Office, although it was one evening that summer, while walking round Salisbury Cathedral, that the idea for *The Warden* came to him. Published the next year, when he was 40, it sold only 700 copies in the next four years. Yet it was the beginning of the magnificent Barsetshire series of novels, which would make him a comfortable living, as well as a literary reputation.

Success as a professional writer came much later to him than to any other major Victorian author, and he was understandably reluctant to give up his other career, simultaneously accruing seniority while pouring out superb, indifferent, idiotic and even silly novels (I use Snow's adjectives) in rapid succession, as if he could not use the shrewdness which permeates his best work to assist him in evaluating the worst.

For the Post Office he negotiated international postal treaties, and even used his journeys to add travel books to his eventual 47 novels. While domestic critics—perhaps because of his productivity—were scornful of most of his fiction, including some of the best political novels in English, Europeans were seeing a sophistication of manners and a sense of moral crisis that escaped Trollope's countrymen. Having read *The Way We Live Now* and *The Prime Minister*, Tolstoy exclaimed, "Trollope kills me, kills me with his excellence." At home there was no such solace for the author, and Trollope was painfully hurt by critical condescension. He was also hurt by being passed over for promotion when the first and second positions at the Post Office became open. It took him three years to make up his mind to resign, giving up—because he was not yet 60—his eligibility for a pension. Defiantly, he wrote and sold more novels, including a few more good ones, and even wrote a candid autobiography that proclaimed himself as a commercial artist rather than the public ideal of the literary artist. Stoically, he wrote on, through continually failing health. His wife and sons inherited a substantial estate. Posterity, Lord Snow contends, inherited some of the most perceptive social and psychological novels in English. The claim is persuasive.

No words in Snow's life of Trollope are squandered on sheer color or mere entertainment, for a different kind of pictorial texture is present in the 22 color plates and the dozens of monochrome illustrations that place the book in the pictorially lavish tradition of similar productions designed in England for a variety of publishers by George Rainbird Ltd. One may quibble that there are more words about Trollope's life and art in other, earlier books of biography and criticism, but there can hardly be so many wise ones. The predictable bias—Snow's conservative view of the way the English novel has developed—is there, but Trollope's achievement represents one of the lasting triumphs of that tradition.

Stanley Weintraub

Stanley Weintraub's most recent book is *Whistler* (Weybright and Talley).

The Back of the Book

The Best American Short Stories 1975 by Martha Foley

(Houghton Mifflin; $10)

I know how he dreams me. I know because I dream his dreams. He runs to hide in me. Battered by the stick of the old dark he comes fast, hiccoughing terror. By the time I am up, holding him, it has hobbled off, it must be, into his memory. I've pulled on a robe, I spread my arms—do they look winged or webbed?—to pull him out of himself, hide him, swear the witch is nowhere near. He doesn't go to his father. But he won't look at my face.

—"How to Win"—Rosellen Brown

Certain similarities among these stories we notice almost at once, but no general theory to get cozy with. Movies, for one thing, have the force of religion. Two very good stories, "Desert Matinee" by Jerry Bumpus and "Bambi Meets the Furies" by Frederick Busch use movie terms as referents, while Nancy Chaikin in her beautifully nervous "Waiting for Astronauts" has her heroine demean its essential episode as "the worst Saturday-afternoon-selected-short-subject."

The language of The Fall recurs in a number of stories, in the "absolution" and "redemption" sought for small but telling sins. Violence is also common, as we'd suspect, but particularly violence by the knife: a child is stabbed in the heart in Russell Banks' "The Lie"; a motorcycle gang cuts off the genitals of a fellow rider in "Desert Matinee"; a test by knife-blade in "Night and Day in Panacea" by Reynolds Price. There is something to this choice of weapon, probably its ability to wound up front.

Children are often the central figures: mothers and children, mothers and sons, dead children are favored. In "The Lie" one child murders another playing spies. In Leslie Silko's "Lullaby" and Paul Kaser's "How Jerem Came Home" parents bereave dead sons. Bereavement is for life in Rosellen Brown's "How to Win," to me the most remarkable piece in the book. It is the story of a psychotic boy, told by his mother—of his tearings and smashings, his father's

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insistence of his normality, and the mother's terrible satisfaction when her son is taught to lose.

This satisfaction, another kind of wound, is also up front. The mother understands what is happening to her every step of the way, and she tells us the whole story, not the short story, in clear analytical detail. Interior analysis is the most interesting common feature of the selection as a whole. Poe's famous "single effect," part of the standard definition of a short story, is often split in two here: one half containing the effect of the action; the other the stated comprehension of the action. In a way, comprehension becomes another character in the tale, with a mind of its own, as available to our good or bad opinion as the others. We often are given more comprehension than description.

I used to teach short story writing—referee, more like it. Week after week, year after year in the '60s, 15 to 20 undergraduates would assemble around a conference table for two hours at a stretch and read their work to each other and me. Sometimes I would give them Joyce's "Clay" or Mann's "Little Lizzie" to dig into. They dug and got it, but neither Joyce, Mann nor anyone outside their world had much bearing on their bright obsession: their own loves and loneliness.

No amount of needling or trickery could push these students away from themselves very long. All the formulae for distancing that I had been fed at their age, and readily took, rolled off them like mercurcy, even though they were warned that if they persisted only to examine their young lives they would not write convincingly. Yet they often convinced each other, to the bone. I think they sensed something about writing that I was blind to that it was headed irretrievably toward unabashed self-consciousness and that, like breaking the sound barrier, it had to plummet wild-eyed through the self-examining heart before reaching what was for them a most honest speculation.

These *Best American Stories* bear them out. At my conference table I would have said no, no Mrs. Brown, *show* us. But Mrs. Brown chose to place everything in the open in order to *show* us that understanding doesn't help.

The same is true of "Waiting for Astronauts," also told by a mother, about her space-age, space-expert son, pursuing astronauts and his own future. The lady is left earth-bound; yet she has a God's eye on the matter, can see her boy about to be hurt in the act of hero worship, can see the hero hurt too, and herself as well. But it happens as if we had no suspicion of the consequences, because good vision doesn't help either.

Neither does experience and education. In the final story of the selection, "The American Sickness," by José Yglesias, Ellie (Elvira) Smith (Zaitegui), Spanish Basque with a French accent, professor of South American politics and literature, who can repeat "no worrier she" in French, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese, has a grasp on everything around her. She is trusted by the collegiate revolutionaries in the safe Massachusetts college where she teaches, and she was also trusted by the real revolutionary Pedro, a graduate student in Brazil whom she hid from the police. She can handle these things, as well as her son, mother and divorce. At our last view of her, she continues to manage her losses, translucid in her pain.

For Brown, Chaikin, Yglesias and the other fine writers in this book clarity itself is a symbolic gesture. The beans being spilled, we are not less moved by the sight of them. Henry James argued in his preface to *The Princess Cassamassima*, that "the whole thing comes to depend...on the *quality* of bewilderment of one's creature." Here bewilderment is born of omniscience, which in its way involves as much risk for the writer and trust in the reader as any hidden symbology.

There are some excellent story writers around these days, many of them included in this volume. They come to us courtesy of people like Martha Foley who has edited *The Best American Short Stories* for 35 years, and of the little magazines and literary quarterlies such as *Sewanee Review*, *American Review*, *Fiction International*, *The Ohio Review*, *The Colorado Quarterly*, *The Georgia Review*, *Ploughshares* and the *Southern Review*, whose business it is (along with the poetry publications such as *Poetry* and *Field*) to bring us the future. Like the writers they present, these selections and magazines take risks and trust us. We owe them much.

Roger Rosenblatt

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Correspondence

Down on James Lorenz

To the editors:

Derek Shearer's article ("Down on Jerry Brown" *TNR*, Sept. 13) was not so much a piece on Jerry Brown, as it was on James Lorenz, the fallen star-director of California's biggest government bureaucracy, the Employment Development Department. Ever since Gov. Brown fired Lorenz, he and his corona of special consultants,' of which Mr. Shearer was/is one, have been canvassing the state and the country complaining they had become the innocent victims of vicious politicking at the Sacramento Court in general, and of the progressive-turned-conservative governor, in particular.

As one of the 13,000 employees in the department formerly headed by Lorenz, I find it sadly amusing to see Jerry Brown chastised for many of the very sins that Lorenz and his group committed themselves during their six-month stint at EDD. The most serious, at least from the standpoint of effective leadership, was the aloof arrogance with which Lorenz and his privy councillors rejected any contribution and meaningful involvement of employees in EDD—individuals who, after eight years of stagnation under the Reagan administration, more than welcomed new ideas and programs and who, most importantly, had the actual field experience to make them work. What brought down Jim Lorenz was not his intellect, nor his idealism, not his fervor, but simply his inability to be an effective leader and administrator. It is one thing to come up with an impeccably researched brief on how to lick unemployment in California; it is an entirely different matter to "sell" such an approach to the people who will have to implement it.

In this sense, Jim Lorenz appears to be the prototype of the young, academically well prepared, progressive-thinking "new blood" nurtured by the "happenings"of the '60s who all of a sudden, with the last congressional elections, and the election of Jerry Brown as governor of the nation's most populous state, have been propelled onto the political scene. What distinguishes Jerry Brown from James Lorenz, however, is that the former, despite his rather peculiar style of leadership, seems to at least develop an appreciation of the realities of power,

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while the latter never advanced beyond the groovy feeling of self-righteousness. What seems to afflict many of our emerging liberal politicians is an overdose of ego-maniacal originality and a marked deficiency of real leadership ability. What this country needs are not great ideas, brilliant concepts and innovative programs—they have already been thought, perceived and designed—but administrative talent to implement them. Whether Gov. Brown is influenced by Zen Buddhism, Schumacher's *Small is Beautiful*, or Jesuit discipline and self-denial is not half as relevant as his understanding and skill in building a consensus of opinion (the farm labor relations act), or accepting an *optimal*, rather than *the perfect* solution of a problem.

There is a story that Jerry Brown, after having been elected, was pressed by his aides for a statement of his administration's goals. Brown reportedly stunned his advisers by saying, "I don't have any goals; they will evolve as we go along." Such an approach obviously frustrates ambitious go-getters like Lorenz and Shearer, but they may go a long way in bringing about long overdue fundamental changes in our society organically.

Klaus D. Grimm
San Francisco, California

Hissing McCarthy

To the editors:

I found the following comparison quite interesting.

From the opening chapter of *McCarthy*, Roy Cohn's book on the now famous senator:

> *"Late on a day in February, 1950, Joseph Raymond McCarthy, an obscure junior senator, flew into town (Wheeling) from Washington to make a speech. No crowds greeted him, not even a delegation of respectable size. His welcoming committee consisted of a lone newspaper reporter, a congressman and a local civic leader who had trouble recognizing the senator as he walked down the ramp with the other passengers."*

From One Small Step for Alger Hiss, by Vern Countryman, in your issue of August 30:

> *"In January, 1950, a federal jury in New York City convicted Alger Hiss of perjury. The case which ranked with the Rosenberg case and Smith Act prosecutions among judicial proceedings during the McCarthy era, was a shocking one."*

Someone whipped up an era real fast, didn't he? Retroactively, yet!

William J. Burns, Jr.
Levitown, Pennsylvania

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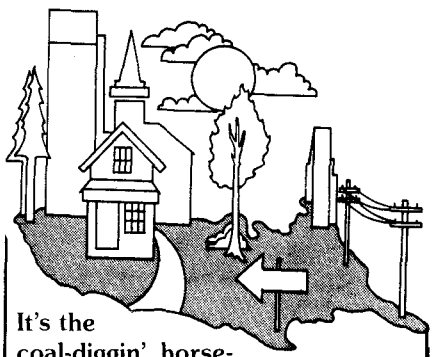

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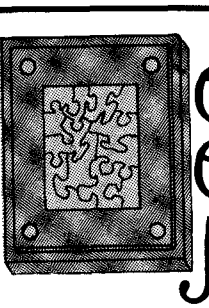

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